

HAVERHILL.

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HAVERHILL;

OR,

MEMOIRS

OF AN

OFFICER IN THE ARMY OF WOLFE.

BY JAMES ATHEARN JONES.

"Glory's pillow is but restless if
Love lay not down his cheek there."

Werner.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

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HAVERHILL.

CHAPTER I.

ONCE! twice! the third knock brought my father. "Who is there?" he demanded.

"An old friend," I answered; while it seemed as if my heart would jump out at my mouth. I had faced battle with as little trepidation as any mortal man ever did, but now I stood trembling like the veriest coward, lest the next word of my aged parent should reveal some afflicting tidings from the few who yet remained to me of a numerous band of brothers and sisters.

" I know of no old friend that speaks with that voice ;" said he. " Is it you, Jack ? and if it is you, and if it is not you, what do you want here at this time of night, when you know that the hand of the Lord is upon me. When you know ' that, for all this, His anger is not turned away, but his hand is stretched out still,' how can you find it in your heart to disturb me—a broken-hearted man—at this time of night ?"

I supposed that the affliction to which he alluded was the loss of my brothers, and said " I want a lodging for the night, if you will be so good."

" The hand of Death is upon my house ; had you not better go a mile further on to Mr. Meshack Peabody's ? He lodges folks who are benighted, and victuals them, too, and very well, it is said."

" I would rather lodge here than in a palace."

" My beds are very hard."

" I have slept many a night upon them."

" My food is very coarse."

" I have eaten it for years."

" Who are you ?" And he undid the door with a trembling hand.

"Your son."

"Who did you say?"

"Lynn."

"Lynn! He is in his grave: the worms have eaten him: you mock me."

"Not so; he stands before you. Father! my father! my dear father!" I held out my arms,—but it was to receive him lifeless into them. The shock was too much for him, broken down as he was by years, infirmity, and sorrow. He uttered a shriek, and fell, fainting, on my breast, which never received a more precious burthen. His cry brought to my assistance the two persons whom I had seen in the apartment, and whom I now recognised as neighbours, and also brought little Michael from his bed, but, when they caught a glimpse of my face, they all retreated, leaving me to support him alone.

I carried him into the room, sat him down on a chair, and busied myself in endeavouring to restore him. For some minutes I was so exclusively occupied with my father, and with means to revive him from his swoon, that I took no note of the

horrors around me. When I raised my eyes from the contemplation of his ghastly and grief-worn face it was to fix them upon two corpses, laid out in the corner of the apartment. Man can have but a faint idea of the shock it gave me ; if he has ever been placed in the same situation, much of the impression must have passed away ; for the excess of horror is produced by the sudden bursting of the spectacle upon you, and subsides, in some measure, when you have had time to collect your scattered senses. Michael, who had hitherto stood aloof from me, now, convinced it was not a spirit, but actually his brother, came, weeping bitterly between joy and surprise, in which exercise he was accompanied by the compassionate, though simple woman who was acting as house-keeper.

It was nearly a quarter of an hour before my father regained his senses, and then it was only to experience a partial restoration of them. At length a flood of tears burst from him, and he became more composed. He raised his head from my bosom, upon which he lay sobbing like an infant, and, put-

ting out his hand, and stroking my face, and chin, and forehead, asked, "Are you indeed my long lost son? or is it a spirit that I see?—but, no; you are flesh and blood:—I feel you warm, and I see the tears rolling down your cheeks. No; it is not a spirit; it is my son."

"It is, it is your son—your Lynn, who stands before you, my father," said I.

"Let me look at you once more. Yes, it is the form of my son, though fuller; and it is the warm kiss of my ever-dutiful and affectionate Lynn. But how art thou restored? and where, oh, my child! where are your brothers?"

I remained silent.

"I see, see they are gone; in the language of the Blessed Book, you only have escaped to tell me. I will not ask you how they died, my son; it is enough that I shall never see them more with the eyes of the flesh."

"In my turn, my father, I have a question to ask you. How is it that I do not see my sweet mother?"

The tears flowed afresh, and he grasped my hand with all the energy of despair. "She is gone—dead, my son."

“ One of those corpses is then my mother’s ; but whose is the other ? ”

“ Your poor brother Simeon’s.”

“ And how is it, my father, that I do not see my beautiful, my beloved Sally ? ”

“ She is not dead, my son ; would that she were !—she is worse than dead—vile and dishonoured ! And yet, you see, I live. My wife and one son now corpses in my house, three sons swallowed up in the ocean, a daughter, my pride and delight, seduced by a villain to leave her home,—and yet the breath of life is in my old body—I even enjoy strong health. Thus God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb ! My beloved son, we have an important duty to perform. My son, let us thank God—upon our knees—my darling ! you remember that was the posture in which we used to praise our Great Preserver. For this was my son that was lost, and is found. I cannot, in justice, say, as the mighty prophet Isaiah said, ‘ For all that, His anger is not turned away, but his hand is stretched out still,’—for, see, his anger is turned away—he has restored to me one of my sons—brought him safe back to

the arms of his wretched, but not all-wretched father !”

The language of the good old man’s prayers was homely, but where the heart is speaking there will always be eloquence.

“ I thank thee, oh God !” said he, “ that thou hast seen fit to lend me back for a while—it may be for the few days I may remain here—this my beloved child, who was lost and is found. I thank thee, that one of my sons is rescued from a bed in the depths of the sea, to kneel with his aged father in prayer and thanksgiving. It hath pleased thee, great Father of Mercy ! to bereave me, in the half of a year, of the wife of my youth,—of four sons, who were dear to me as the apple of mine eye,—and to permit dishonour to sit upon mine aged head, in the shape of foul wrong done me by the ruin of my beloved daughter. This thou hast done for thine own glorious, though inscrutable ends,—thine own beneficent, though seemingly harsh purposes. Blessed be thy name therefore. What though my sinful nature, my rebellious heart may struggle awhile with thy decree, yet do I know and confess that thou know-

est better than I what is good for me; and hast veiled kindness under the appearance of wrath, perhaps hast hidden my soul's final welfare under a cloud of grief and dishonour.

" I have thanked thee, Father of Light and Life ! for thy great and manifold mercies—wilt thou permit me to offer one fervent, soul-felt petition to thee ! It is for my lost and unhappy daughter. I know not where she is, but thou knowest, and that is better, and it is enough. Take her, Heavenly Father ! under thy protection. Judge her, Father, in the spirit of thy promise, to forgive whoever shall call upon thee in Christ's name, though he shall have sinned seventy and seven times."

When our devotional exercises were finished, he took me by the hand, and led me into the attic, where, for near twenty years, I had been a happy lodger. My feelings, upon entering this chamber, may be imagined. Every thing stood just as it did on the evening previous to our embarking on the expedition which terminated in the death of three out of four of us. There were the clothing, hats, shoes, &c. hung up, each in the

corner allotted to its then proprietor. The two beds—straw beds, upon which we slept the night previous to our embarking, had never been moved—they had not felt the weight of a human cheek since the night we quitted them, all but myself, for ever.

“ There has not been a day since you left us, my son,” said my father, “ that I have not passed an hour in this chamber. I come here with the Bible in my hand; I read a chapter—and sing a psalm. Ther. I take down all the clothes, brush them, and hang them up again, open the boxes, take out the shirts, and other things, and see if there be no mildew on them, air and smooth them carefully, and put them up again. Lackaday! now I bethink me that the moths have got into poor James’s waistcoat, and I saw to day a large spot of mildew on Timothy’s go-to-church shirt. That ever I should have forgotten it. Wo is me, how forgetful I have become !”

Here his manliness and resolution forsook him, and he burst into tears. His fit of weeping was short, however, and, wiping his eyes, he rose to leave me.

“ I must ask one favour of you, my dear father,” said I.

“ And what is that, my boy? ask, and you will be sure to obtain, because I know you will ask nothing wrong.”

“ Will you permit me just to lay my cheek on my mother’s pillow.”

He took the candle, and I followed him into her apartment. After a full and sorrowful examination of every thing in the room, and in the sleeping room of my sisters, I returned to that which had been mine for so many a gladsome hour.

What a surprising change does the lapse of half a year, sometimes, make in a family. A father or a mother dies, and this event creates a dispersion of the family; or children die, and this induces an alteration in the views and hopes of the parents. Some go out into the world, never to return to the family hearth-stone; some go abroad with riches, and return pennyless; some go out poor and come back laden with wealth and honours. Great and sudden, lasting or evanescent changes—mutability in all its forms, violent tran-

sitions and reverses are the portion of humanity ; and he who separates himself from his friends for any period of time must make up his account for tears and sorrow on his return.

I hope my readers will not think too lightly of my poor old father, when I tell them that, before he went to sleep, he came twice into my room to embrace and kiss me. " For this was my son that was lost and is found," said he. " Lynn, my child ! I do not use these words of the father of the prodigal son because you have been a prodigal—I only mean that you was lost, and are found."

The next morning after breakfast, my father gave me an elaborate narrative of the events which took place on my leaving home ; from want of space I must abridge it.

The grief of my family, at our supposed loss, may be better imagined than told. For a while the effect on my mother was such that her life was despaired of. She grew a little better, however ; but a second affliction, in her eyes surpassing in poignancy the first, soon

after caused her removal to another and, there was just ground for hoping, a better world.

That affliction was the abduction and dishonour of the family idol, the beautiful Sally. To sooth the grief of the sweet girl at the loss of her brothers, Mary Danvers, with whom she was a favourite, obtained permission to take her home with her. This was during the visit paid by Lieutenant Danvers to his uncle. Danvers was accompanied, on the occasion, by a gay and dissipated youth, a Captain Munday, who, alas ! was but too successful in his efforts to seduce my confiding sister from the path of duty and the house of her father. She eloped with him : they were traced as far as Boston, where it was reported and believed they embarked for the West Indies.

The heavy tidings for a time deprived my mother of reason and almost of consciousness. She never recovered the blow. Her senses so far returned that she spoke rationally whenever she spoke at all, which was but seldom ; but her powers, both of mind and body gradually decayed, and she sunk into the grave. Her death took place just

three days before my arrival; Simeon's death was caused by a fever contracted from exposure.

The moment he had finished this narrative, the thought flashed to my mind with a rapidity which gave it almost the effect of inspiration, that the story told by Madame Calomarde, of the young woman carried to Jamaica by a British officer, and afterwards deserted by him, related to my lost sister. The time—the description given of the person—every circumstance mentioned in the story, confirmed me in the belief that its unhappy heroine was no other than her. There was, besides, one of those convictions floating in my mind, the origin of which we cannot trace, the nature of which we do not know, or by whom given, or by what prompted. I communicated my impression to my miserable father. It seemed to give him new life.

“Oh my son, my dear son,” said he, “if the poor wanderer could only be recalled, how happy I should be. No matter how much she has strayed, we could reclaim her if she were but once to be brought under this roof. If there were tears on her cheek we would kiss them off, sighs on her

lips, my son, our kindness should chase them away—I even think we could make her happy yet. Some of our neighbours might sneer a little at us, but we would live within ourselves, and pray God to forgive them, and those yet greater sinners, ourselves. What should we care for the world? My son, will you pleasure your poor old father?"

"In what, sir?"

"I am afraid to say what."

"A father afraid of his child! My father afraid of me!"

"I am not afraid of my child, but the favour I shall ask will, it may be, cast a blight on his future prospects. He is ambitious, honourably ambitious—how will he like to forego the hopes he has of becoming a great man?"

"Come, come, my dear father," said I, coaxingly, "tell me what it is you want?"

"I want you should—go, and see if—you cannot find your sister."

"It will indeed, my father, destroy the high hopes I had formed, and be the cause of my losing that for which I have toiled hard, yet I will go—willingly, for duty demands it. There is nothing

I will not do, my father, to restore the erring yet, I am sure, neither wicked, nor sinful girl to your arms."

" Bless you, my son. God will not forget the sacrifice you have made to Him—to your father, and your duty. When will you go?"

" In less than three days."

" My child, perhaps I do wrong in sending you on this voyage. It exposes your life to the stormy elements again, but I have a presentiment that it is to prove successful."

It was arranged that I should embark the next week, provided an opportunity should be found to go direct to Jamaica, to which Madame Calomarde supposed the heroine of her story had gone. It was not easy to do so in this month, as vessels going there would arrive in October, the month in which the severest hurricanes are usually experienced. It was a year, too, in which little business was done between New England and the West-India Islands, in consequence of the swarming of French privateers among both the Windward and the Leeward Islands. Fortune favoured me. I wrote upon the

subject to my friend, the Governor's private secretary, who returned for answer that a brigantine, called the Indian Chief, a new, staunch, and well-provided vessel, would sail, that day week, for Jamaica. At my request, conveyed in a second letter, he engaged a passage in her for me, and I made preparations for immediate departure.

I should have mentioned that Judge Danvers and his daughter had embarked for England early in the preceding August. Though loneliness and gloom enshrouded the mansion, and though its chief ornament was away, these circumstances did not prevent me from paying as many visits to it as I spent days at home. I revisited all the spots which were connected with my early, unchanged and unchangeable love, and spent nearly half my time in recalling the traits of goodness displayed by the beautiful and beloved girl during our acquaintance of a life.

Every thing around me served to recal her image to my mind, and renew the sentiments approaching to adoration with which I regarded her. And there were the "bowers she loved so much," and the "trees she planted," and the flowers which

had flourished, budded, and bloomed under her eye and management, by the aid of my spade and humble advice—I knew them all and their history. The servants left in charge of the mansion permitted me to explore every apartment, but, alas! its pride was away.

Once more, then, I bade adieu to my aged parent, and at the certain sacrifice of my hopes of promotion, and my prospects of acquiring the reputation which alone could give me the object of my love, prepared to encounter the perils of a West-India voyage. But the consciousness that I was performing an imperious duty abated a little of the melancholy which the circumstances would otherwise have rendered insupportable.

CHAPTER II.

WE sailed from Boston on the 12th of October. It was a little after sunrise when the anchor was taken upon the bow, and the vacant, half-serious, half-jocose, "good bye t'you" was nodded to the metropolis of New England.

We made very great progress in our passage at our first setting out. Westerly winds, at that period of the year, chiefly prevail upon the coast of America. Very frequently outward-bound vessels, upon their leaving the shore, take a wind which continues fair for the whole distance they have to run. We had the prospect of having the first part of our passage very fine and pleasant. We were leaving the colonies at the season which promises the most steadiness of wind, and the greatest strength, within the degree which makes

it a tornado, and should go into the latitude of the "trades," at the time of the year when, unless they visit you in the shape of a hurricane, they are so pacific and good tempered, that you may almost venture to leave the vessel wholly to the charge of Neptune and his Tritons, constituting them "master, mate, and all hands," everything but cook and butler.

It is only those who have experienced the delightful breezes, called "trades," particularly when they are wafting you over the sultry Indian Ocean, where, perhaps, you have lain becalmed for a month, who can fully appreciate the pleasure which is imparted by a fair wind. What are the trade winds? It was, at one time, advanced that they were produced by exhalations from the "*lenticula marina* of the Sea of Sargossa;" but philosophy seems now fixed in the belief that they are "caused by the expansion of particles of air in the hottest part of the equatorial surface of the earth, and the advance of the colder air of the polar regions, to replace the rarified portion." It is from their utility in facilitating trade that they take their name. And, truly, without them, what were

those interminable Indian seas, and a space of a certain number of degrees upon each side of the equator?

This is not intended to be a dissertation on winds, though I know not how half a dozen pages could be better appropriated than to the beautiful theory of their causes and consequences. Now merely ruffling the bosom of the ocean, in bland and cheering zephyrs, now sweeping it in the typhoon of the China sea, or the tornado of the African coast, or the hurricane of the "vext Bermoothes." How many tales of love and romance are connected with the ocean, and the disasters which have taken place upon it. How many a heart has bled over the miseries which the voyager upon it has encountered. The pages of maritime adventure and history are, indeed, replete with interest. Our libraries are half made up of books and publications which are the annals of wind and water. The gems of our topography are the accounts of the marts which have risen out of it; our statistical essays are beholden to it for a principal part of their bulk and value. History most delights when it speaks of naval achievements; architecture,

when it treats of the tremendous naval structures launched to contend for victory on the ocean. The parson preaches about the seas; the novelist lays his scene there; or, if he has not sufficient nautical science to enable him to portray minutely and correctly the habits and duties of nautical life, he, at least, contrives to let his readers know that the ocean is blue off soundings, and green when you are able to take its depth. The interest felt in marine matters is universal, and will continue to be so as long as men remain with that exquisite sense of the sublime and beautiful, wherewith their Maker has gifted them, and which has a glorious object of perception and contemplation in the scenes and vicissitudes of that wonderful element.

In three hours after we left the harbour, such had been our progress, that the land began to look low and distant, resembling more a fog-bank than terra-firma. There is something in quitting our native shores, especially when the transition is by water, which has a sickening effect upon the spirit; at least, I know it always has on mine. At the same time, there is something in a view of the lessening land which has the power to dis-

place those disheartening impressions, and to replace them with a set of enlivening hopes and influences. I have not a gift for essay-writing—few have. The refined taste, the sparkling wit, the chaste simplicity, the subdued energy, and the extreme acuteness of thought requisite to make an accomplished essayist, have not been found united in more than half a dozen since the days of Faust. If I possessed this talent, I would analyse, separate, and attempt to call by their right names, the feelings which thus agitate, yet soothe, which wound, yet heal immediately, the heart, at the moment we are quitting our native land. I believe that most of my readers, who have registered their emotions, at the moment when the land of their birth was receding from view, will find that they had a perplexed and troubled feeling, a host of inexplicable sensations which they were unable to define or account for. The sombre class of them does not seem to be produced, altogether, by the knowledge that we have left behind us friends and relatives, some of whom, in all probability, will die before we return ; nor by the circumstance that we are entering on a new and untried course

of life, on a capricious and unstable element. Nor does the joyful class of sensations appear to be inspired by the novelty of the scenes around us, nor by anticipations of yet greater novelty, nor by hopes of gain—if our object be gain, nor by love of change of place, if we are fond of what the softer sex call “gadding.” I gaze anxiously on the shore, but I have no wish to go back; I think fondly of my absent friends, but I should be sorry to see them; I view the slackening sail with regret, and see it distended again with satisfaction; I mark, with visible delight, the increase of the wind which is wafting me away, and all this while my eyes are full of tears, because I am losing sight of the land I am so anxious to quit!!

There were a number of passengers of both sexes; and, what is truly surprising, there was not a single snarler amongst them, a thing which I never knew happen before or since, with an equal number of persons on shipboard. It is very seldom that you can persuade people on board a vessel that their happiness will be materially promoted by good temper and amiability—in general the “non-contents,” to use a parliament phrase,

"have it." However pleasant and good-tempered people may have been on shore, put them into that nursery of crabs, a ship's cabin, and you shall see every thing, from a glass of tainted water to East-India Madeira—from a dry biscuit to that exquisite delicacy, "a sea-pie," transformed into an *apple* of discord. Every thing becomes matter of contention, and every word is misconstrued. Half the time, upon the termination of a sea-quarrel, ask the parties why they quarrelled, and they cannot tell you.

All the male passengers, excepting myself, were merchants, going to the West Indies, on purposes of traffic. Well-informed men of that profession—merchants, who have caught more of the spirit of trade than its mere jargon, are as pleasant and agreeable companions as one meets with. Very often they have been abroad, and having seen things worth seeing, are enabled to relate stories worth hearing. It may be remarked that no class of travellers are so little given to exaggeration and falsehood. An old friend of mine attempted to account for their singular travelling and anecdotal veracity in this way. "They tell,"

said he, "so many deuced lies, in the way of their business, that they know that one, added on any other score, would sink them eleven leagues below the infernal pit. "Now lawyers," continued he, "are known to make the least veracious travellers, which proves my position a correct one, for they never tell a lie in the way of business!"

Our female passengers were very accomplished and elegant women—indeed, there was not one of them who might not have passed for a belle and a beauty—at least, after her sea-sickness had subsided. There was amongst them a lady, by the name of Hetherington, who deserves more especial mention than the others, because she was very good, and good women being scarce—in some countries—should be held up for imitation, in a book which may possibly be read there. She was a Creole—so they are denominated who are born in the West Indies, and a more thorough-bred West Indian you never saw. With all the sensibility which belongs to those who are born in the Mexican Archipelago, she possessed no small share of the haughtiness and pride which distinguishes them above every other people—even

more than the nobility and aristocracy of Great Britain.

Mrs. Hetherington was born in the island of Nevis. Her father was a Yorkshire gentleman, who, in pursuit of the "chief good" of most people, and of Yorkshiremen particularly, money, came to that island, married a French woman, and commenced planting. Upon the death of his wife, which happened three years after their marriage, he sold his plantations in Nevis, and, with a view to the better education of his child, removed to Jamaica. He there devoted himself to the only two pursuits for which he had any inclination: the first, prompted by the sincerest parental love,—the education of his daughter; the second, by a provincial, may I not say a national, passion, the adding field to field, and acre to acre. Mr. Hetherington loved his broad possessions; but, to his praise be it spoken, he loved his daughter more, and would have sacrificed every rood of one of the most fertile vales in Jamaica to promote her happiness. He had soon an opportunity to prove his love for his child paramount over every other feeling. At the age

of sixteen her hand was sought by two men, who were perfect antipodes to each other, being unlike in every thing except in a wish to please the beautiful Anne Wilmot. One of them was a man of great wealth, but of vicious principles, ignorant, ill-bred, ill-born, and ill-tempered. The other suitor, Mr. Hetherington, was a young naval officer, who had recommended himself to the notice of Major Wilmot by assisting to suppress an insurrection of the slaves upon one of his plantations. He had nothing to recommend him, save honesty, courage, candour, and the before mentioned generous interposition of his person; that is to say, he wanted money, and that only, to make him an excellent and virtuous man! The lady chose the tar; and the father, having made a statement of the advantages attending wealth and remained sulky for twice twenty-four hours, gave up the point, made a call on the young man, brought him home to dinner, and placed him beside his beautiful daughter as her future husband. It was a love-match, and, strange as it may seem to those who know how seldom they turn out well, it was a happy one—at least as long as the union con-

tinued. Lieutenant, afterwards Captain Hetherington fell, in the tenth year of his marriage, in an attack upon a *Guarda Costa*, on the Spanish main, leaving but one child, the beautiful little girl now the companion of her mother.

The grief of Mrs. Hetherington for her husband was not the grief of those who have no hope. She sorrowed as a reasonable being should for the death of one born to die. She had loved her husband so truly and sincerely, that it became her chief pleasure to watch over the softened image of his noble and graceful form, the reflected type of his pure and excellent mind—the child she had borne him. Repeatedly solicited to change her state, by suitors every way unexceptionable, who could not but admire her character and virtues, nor resist her still blooming personal charms, for she was, at the death of her husband, only twenty-six, and exceedingly beautiful, she yet vowed herself to widowhood, and at an age when ladies generally, and widows particularly, most rejoice to see a crowd of adorers kneeling at their feet, and to listen to the voice of silver-tongued flattery, gave herself up to seclusion and the education of her

daughter. Few imitate her. I am happy to think duty does not demand that they should. Matrimony is, nineteen times in twenty, the happiest condition of life. In my opinion, they do well who embrace it at an early period of life, and renew the connexion as often as it is legally dissolved, waiting a couple of months or less to testify suitable respect for the memory of the deceased ! I am neither monogamist nor marriage-hater. I permitted my daughters to accept the first good offer made them after they were sixteen, and nominated wives to my sons on the day of their majority, with the honest, though, perhaps, mistaken idea that I was taking the measures best calculated to promote their happiness. No, no ; let your sons marry the moment they have made a good choice —marry off your daughters, and give Heaven thanks, whenever they shall have bestowed their affections worthily.

The wind which we experienced at our first setting out, held us till we had crossed that remarkable current of water, denominated the Gulf Stream. By and by we came into what sailors

call the "Horse Latitudes," from the circumstance that the earlier navigators, here becalmed, found themselves compelled to throw overboard the horses intended for the West Indies and America. We then had head-winds, gusts, and calms for a short time, but, after a brief delay, ran into the "trades," and then "we had it all our own way."

Upon the whole we had a very pleasant and agreeable passage. The ladies were at first a little sick, but they soon recovered, and conducted themselves like so many "sea-dogs"—a nautical epithet for those who have passed much time at sea, and are accomplished in its learning. As soon as the ladies had recovered, which was on the third day, cards, that unfailing resource of those with whom time lags, were introduced. We had a backgammon-box and a draughts-board, and we had—a punch-bowl and a toddy-jug! we had a good and substantial bark, well manned and equipped, and an experienced seaman to conduct her; judge then if we could be very gloomy and unhappy. The way in which the time is generally passed on board a vessel, when there

is a sufficient number of passengers to "form a quorum," may be inferred from the following transcript from the Mate's log-book.

" Games of whist played by Tom, Dick, and Harry, passengers on board the brig Indian Chief, Captain Larrabee, bound to Jamaica..... 462

" Ditto games of Draughts..... 731

" Ditto ' Old Sledge' (all fours) 1121

" Ditto Put..... 163

" Ditto Backgammon..... 209

" By Saul and Sam (cook and steward.)

" Bushels 28

" Fox and Geese 75

" *Morals* 11

N.B. No account kept of those played in the fore-castle. Second N.B. No "morals" played in the cabin, *morality* being something unknown in that quarter.

" Jugs of toddy drunk by the gentlemen in the cabin..... 180

" Bowls of punch, drunk principally by the ladies 979

" Mugs of flip by self..... 53

" N.B. The Captain thinks that the number

of bowls of punch charged to the ladies is exaggerated, and that a round O should have been placed on the right of the "53" for the number of mugs of flip my own dust has soaked up. Noty bena the fourth, the Captain drank nothing but brandy and water—five brandies to one water."

We were twenty-four days on the passage. In the whole host of pleasurable sensations, there is not, I imagine, a greater to be found than that felt by the mariner when he has moored his bark in a safe and friendly port. Abundant cause has he to be so. He has escaped the dangers of the sea, its tempests and its ice-bergs; he has avoided the rocks, ledges, and quicksands, and may now sleep without the frequent calls to action, the startling sounds, and appalling alarms connected with nautical life, and its state of unrelaxed vigilance. He breathes in a different air, partakes of different food, and encounters sensations new or experienced only on the like occasion. He is no longer "Jack at sea," but "Jack on shore." Both the outward and the inward man demonstrate the change. The huge *norwester* with a tail like a peacock's, the tarry round-about and trousers, the greasy tarpaulin,

and the shirt of dirty red flannel, are exchanged for a spick-and-span-new suit. Jack shaves—for the first time for a month, washes in fresh water! muttering the whilst many “dry damns” on the tar which sticks to his hands, spite of his endeavours to cleanse them. When the rites of ablution are performed, if he wears a pig-tail, he says to the steward or cabin-boy—in their absence, to the cook or to a mess-mate,—“hark you, brother,” or “boy,” or “blackee,” as the case may be, “just, do you see, cast off the bit of stopper from the pump-handle on the back of my head, and give it a fresh sarvice, my boy. And, Cuffy, you d——d ebony face, make my go-a-shore shoes shine so that you can see to read a Guinea sarmon by them at twelve o’clock in a pitch-dark night.”

Thus “mended,” and every thing put to rights on board the ship, yards squared, and the bunts of the sails well hauled up, decks washed down, cables payed out, ropes coiled up, and permission duly obtained from the officer of the deck to go and have a frolic, the joyful fellow reels on shore—but reels from a far different cause from that which

sends him reeling back again, to proclaim his happiness, and spend his money. He is now the happiest creature alive. It is the exuberant joy awakened by the change in his situation which renders him the unreflecting debauchee. Every thing conspires to make him over joyful—unfortunately, the habits of nautical life tend to give that joy a reprehensible direction. He meets an old acquaintance, and it is a nautical maxim that “he who will not treat an old acquaintance to a glass of grog deserves to be d——d.” So he invites his messmate, and all his companions, though there should be a dozen, into the next tavern, and goes on treating and treating them till the whole are dead drunk, or till the “pump sucks”—in other words, till his purse is exhausted.

Jack is the best hearted creature alive, and the pronest to do good to his fellow creatures.* And just as charity covers a multitude of sins, so does his generosity offer atonement for the mischief he

* “The sun, in his whole progress through the heavens, does not behold a class of men more uniformly generous, manly, and brave, than the accomplished British sailor.”—*Vicesimus Knox*.

occasionally does by his prodigality. I must not be understood to say that this generosity is evinced by his disposition of his hard-gotten gains, for he throws them away without even an attempt at discrimination. It is benevolence run mad—charity on a wild horse. But it is Jack who will go the farthest for a friend, and soonest forgive a foe; who will the most fearlessly interpose his body as a shield to innocence and helplessness—who will the soonest “walk a plank” (jump overboard) rather than commit wilful fraud or injustice. He will even fight for a dumb beast, which he is sure to make a boon companion.* There is no one that

* The gallant Captain Marryatt, in his admirable novel, “The King’s Own,” has a pleasing chapter upon the ease with which animals, even when *feræ naturæ*, are domesticated on shipboard. He makes the captain of the afterguard, who is *rubbing a leopard’s nose against the deck*, for some misdemeanour he has committed, say “That, if the *Hemperor of Maroccy* would send them a *cock rhinoceros*, they’d tame him in a week.” I believe him. I, myself, saw two lions, apparently two-thirds grown, playing about the deck of a Senegal trader, just like a couple of kittens. It was dangerous, however, to continue the game long with them, for their treatment of you grew rougher and rougher; they would, probably, have torn you into inch-pieces out of pure love and kindness.

equals him for honesty, candour, and singleness of mind and purpose. One should know him as I have known him, at sea and on shore, rich and poor, free and in bondage, to estimate him properly, and give him his due rank in the scale of men.

I love seamen dearly. The strong regard I have for them has grown out of my intimate acquaintance with nautical life and manners. Though I never signed a roll d'equipage, did a seaman's duty, or took a seaman's pay, I have been so much in their company that I am half a sailor. Whenever I see the swing of body and hitch of trousers, which denote an apprenticeship to the ocean, my heart warms in a moment, and I prepare for long yarns and characteristic drollery with anticipations of delight as strong as those of an audience assembled to witness, for the first time, the performance of an actor whose fame has preceded him. It is not always, though, that Jack will condescend to be "Jack." You must take him in his moments of inspiration, at the very nick of time, or no fun with him. He has his ups and downs, or times of elevation and depression, as well as another, and will no more spare you a shot

from his locker of wit because you demand it, than Sir John Falstaff would have eat raisins upon compulsion. It is a good time to set upon him just after a storm—provided he has had a little sleep, or when he has gone to the lee-side of the long boat to mend the apparel shattered by the passed hurricane. While he is eating his dinner is a good time; but the prime moment for sacking his repertory of haps and mischances is during the night-watches, in fair weather. He has then nothing to do, save when it is his turn at the helm, but to talk to you of the things he has seen in his eventful pilgrimages and wanderings from shore to shore. It is true that he will now and then cast his eye aloft, to see that all goes right, as well as alow to see that nothing *comes* wrong. But these are seasonable interruptions, which enable him to replace his tobacco with a fresh quid, or to give the necessary hitch to his trousers. Hours and hours, while our vessel has been ploughing her way along the ocean, have I sat listening to his narratives, sometimes pathetic, and sometimes humorous, of the scenes he has witnessed. Now he was with Hawke, in

such and such a battle, d'ye see, and then followed a blessing—every body knows what a tar's blessing is—upon the finest old fellow as ever led a ship into action, and thumped the mounseers to their heart's content. Then he “took a voyage in a marchantman, and it proved a d——d bad concern. Little to eat, little to drink, a great deal to do, and no pay. Well, what should happen, but one night, as we were running down from the Hole-in-the-Wall to the Berry Islands—let me see, who was on deck wid me—ah, Dick Dogget, him as was killed afterwards in the battle 'tween the Monmouth and the Fuderong (Foudroyant), and which, by all accounts, was the best fought action in the war. Says Dick to me, says he, did you hear, says he, a noise, all one as if somebody was hanging to the star-board cat-head? No, I didn't, says I,” &c. &c. I believe I passed as much as three, perhaps four hours, out of every twenty-four, in listening to the ‘canterburies’ and matter-of-fact narratives of these jovial and good-hearted fellows.

CHAPTER III.

SURMOUNTING the various difficulties which presented themselves in the shape of rocks, reefs, shoals, &c. which render a passage amongst the windward islands of the West Indies one of the most perilous that ever was attempted, we had at length the pleasure to hear that welcome sound—"land!" It was a misnomer, however, for it should have been "rock!" It proved to be the Tortugas, a groupe of barren islands, which lie at the entrance to the "Windward Passage." This latter is a strait, or sound, which divides Hispaniola from Cuba, and is the channel through which vessels bound from the American colonies to Jamaica usually pass. Next we made Cape Dona-Maria, upon the Hispaniola shore, and the ensuing morning Point Morant, the eastern-

most part of Jamaica. The wind continued to waft us down the coast, full within view of the mountains which every where rear their lofty crests upon this noble and singularly picturesque island. Late in the afternoon of the first of November the Captain announced to us that, if the wind continued, we should literally "*bless our eye-sight*" in the morning. He pointed out to us the waves dashing upon those frightful rocks which lie upon the left of the channel before you pass Port Royal. Soon after we took a pilot, an event which landmen consider tantamount to an ending of the risk, though I suspect the underwriters at Lloyd's would tell a different story. The greater part of the passengers, especially the unromantic, matter-of-fact folks, of whom I was one, retired at the usual hour; but there were some so in love with the glimpses of the mountains frowning upon them out of the moonlight, that they remained upon deck the whole night.

The view which burst upon my vision when I went upon deck the next morning was, indeed, one of great beauty. We had passed Port Royal, and were now in the eastern branch of

the inlet which runs past the great mart of the island. The city of Kingston, built upon a gentle acclivity, and laid out in a manner which gave it the full advantage of its unequalled site, lay before us, in all the beauty of a tropical fine morning, its white chimneys rising from out the deep or lighter tinted foliage of the pimento and other evergreen shrubs and trees which adorn this gem of the West-Indian Archipelago. The mountains of St. Catharine, the Blue Mountains, and the other peaks of that alpine chain, came in for a large share of my admiration. Indeed, the range of mountains which occupied the entire northern horizon are not, perhaps, surpassed in majesty and grandeur even by those of Switzerland and Italy. They only want to be depicted by a few pens of power, to be travelled amongst and hymned to as much as those of the old world. When Columbus discovered this island (he approached it on the northern side, which has more variety and beauty than the southern, without its grandeur and sublimity) he was struck, says the historian, with delight and admiration. Well might even his ca-

pacious, and gifted, and travelled mind, have been filled with awe and wonder.

Whilst we were thus employed in that most delightful of all occupations, the contemplation of novel objects of natural beauty, and the comparison of them with those which were previously in the eye of the mind, our vessel dropped anchor within a hundred yards of one of the principal wharfs, preparatory to "warping in." And now a scene presented itself quite as novel and striking as that furnished by our first view of the mountains. I cannot, to be sure, say that sublimity was present, nor will I assert that woolly heads, flat noses, thick lips, and eyes of the hue which skimmed milk assumes when you throw brown sugar into it, before it has acted as a dissolvent—I will not assert that one ever finds himself saying, at such a time, "oh, how beautiful!" but I will affirm that he may derive exceeding interest from the scene, even substitute for the exclamation of pleasure and delight one of potent surprise and amazement. Hitherto my acquaintance with the dusky sons of Africa had been confined to Cæsar,

his spouse Dinah, and his son Scipio, now it was difficult to see any thing else, all was "black as ten furies." For every white face you saw at least ten sable ones. Our vessel was soon surrounded by boats, manned with negroes, bringing for sale the tropical dainties—oranges, limes, melons, the yam, the manioc, and the various genuine delicacies of air, field, and flood, which a Jamaica market affords. The noise produced by the applications for preference was deafening.

"Massa Buckra, buy crawler?" asked one, displaying a basket filled with that singular creature, the mountain crab, "hi, Massa, tak care, him got teet, bite, scratch like young debble. Keep a claw down—got no manners?—bite e stranger?—wo'n't drop e paw, eh?—take dat then; lie still now, spose, eh? Wery good crab, Massa. Take him right time. Jis he get back him's burrow; he creep out de ole shell, as the mephity preacher say, (and here Sambo showed his teeth,) he born again, come out new man, and wery good crab; buy, my Massa; buy poor Sambo crabs. Cold wedder come; Sambo

no tockin, he no shoe, he no hat, he no tart (shirt). Oh, massa !”

“ And what have you to sell ?” I asked of another, a yellow-skinned Moco.

“ Me, Massa ? possum, fat possum ; catch him up a gum-tree ; him make climb berry fas ; run out a branch ; Nigger shake de tree—possum scream—hole on—cling, cling—by by down he drop, and here he be. Buy, my Massa ? Or, mebbe, Massa, buy shelly-feller, (uncovering an armadillo,) or, no tellin, mebbe he lub eat guana. Fine fat guana ; white as chicken ; tew him up wid yam and ochro—put in leetle salt, good deal a pepper ; Massa smack his chaps ; missus smack his chaps ; young missus smack his chaps ; you all smack your chaps. My Massa, do buy possum, shelly-feller, guana ?”

“ I don’t want them, my boy.”

“ Den jis as shure as my Massa Higson, at Windsor-farm, on Christmas-day, kill two ring-tail pigeon at one shoot, wid his long gun, jis so sure, Massa Buckra, ’less he ’pent, and get de troo grace—de genooine blue in him heart,

he die, an go to burnin pit, which God grant may be de happy potion ob us all, none more dan Quaco."

There was hardly anything with which they were not prepared to supply us. Here were rice-birds—October birds they call them in Jamaica—an exquisite delicacy—turtles, green turtles—as applied to the gratification of the palate, the "vanity of vanities"—weighing, perhaps, a hundred and fifty pounds, together with all the vegetables and wild fruits which a tropical climate boasts, and the whole to be bought for a mere song—five shillings would have purchased the cargo of a large canoe.

Before I left the ship there was a promise exacted from me by each of the passengers, that if any favour, pecuniary or otherwise, should be wanted, I would apply to him or her individually. Appointments were arranged with the gentlemen, and calls with the ladies; cards were amicably exchanged, and the other ceremonies set down in the formulary of custom gone faithfully over.

Owing to the swarming of French privateers in the different channels and passages, there was, at

this period, but little trade carried on between the West-India islands and the colonies on the American continent. At the time of my arrival there was no vessel bound to any port in America ; even that in which I came was intended, by her owners, to take a voyage to Europe before she returned to New England. There was every reason to fear that I should be detained much longer than I wished, even should the object which had carried me thither be accomplished. In the mean time, I endeavoured to blunt my sorrows, by indulging my passion for natural scenery. This thirst for seeing carried me out in daily rambles through the vicinity. As the gentlemen to whom I brought letters were not in the city, I should suffer little, save in my feelings, by my deferring the inquiry prompted by my object in coming thither. I rambled, quite in the picturesque style, among the lesser hills of the range I have referred to, and derived from the exercise an increase of health and spirits, as well as gratification through the medium of sight and sound.

It is known to most of my readers, I presume, that, during winter and early spring, the climate

of the West Indies in general, and of Jamaica in particular, is thought to be the finest in the world. It is never what those in the high latitudes call cold, though a traveller thither from hyperborean regions will hear the epithet frequently used of a state of the atmosphere to which his own nerves, used to a harsher climate, will apply the opposite epithet. Nor is the heat then so great at any time of the day as to be oppressive. At night, if he is a resident, or has come from a climate equally warm, he will need an additional covering; and, when it is getting towards sunset, he will probably be glad to exchange nankin pantaloons " those of a stouter material, and to throw aside his loose morning robe for a coat from the Leeds loom.

Then and before the sultry and pernicious heats of summer set in, the sensations produced by a view of fields and forests clothed in the verdure which, in northern latitudes, is their property only for some three or four months—a boon, as it were, reluctantly granted by the goddess of nature to be clutched by her the moment she has an excuse for resuming it—I say the sensations then experienced

will lead one to pronounce the West Indies delectable abodes, and to put them down in his notebook as the authentic Hesperides. But, as the showman says to the children, "Wait a little, and you shall see the Duke of York." Continue to reside in these periodically interesting spots till July, August, and September come to broil you, and a different set of opinions shall replace the former. When you see vegetation parched up by the fervours of a sun blazing with irresistible fierceness; the heat, by the thermometer—of your skin, at 270; and refrigerators necessary at the bottom of a well; lightnings flashing, thunders pealing, earthquakes rocking, tornadoes levelling the forests, and strewing the earth with the ruins of habitations which have crushed their owners, your mind will be differently disposed towards the equinoctial regions, and your heart will yearn after hyperborean lands, with their solemn forests of pine and spruce, and their heavy garments of kersey and fearnought. The exchange of nankins, evergreens, and orange groves with the general debility, mental and corporeal, of the low latitudes, for the periodical severity of climate in the high,

with the strength of mind, firmness of purpose, alacrity of feeling, and physical energy, which usually belong to it, is not so great a disparagement of the wisdom of him that makes it, as some may suppose. In my opinion, it would argue a man neither idiot nor lunatic, because he followed the wild ducks in their migrations from a torrid to a temperate climate, though his object were neither to moult nor incubate.

I have said that I did not set immediately about the business which had carried me to the island. When one first goes on shore after having been for some time on the water, he feels for a while very indolent, and does not relish active exertion. He wanders about, especially if he has seen little of the world, and nothing of the particular spot, star-gazing, looking at this, that, and the other, taking street by street in his peregrinations, diving into churches, diagonalling squares, taking the altitude and superficies of churches and public buildings, and if he is not past the age of three-score and ten, peeping, under every cottage-bonnet, and into every honeysuckle-bower and half-curtained window, for a pretty face. It is not to be

doubted that I went to see all the lions; withal I visited Port Royal, the scene of the most dreadful earthquake which ever happened in the West Indies, that of 1692, of a great fire in 1703, and of a heavy and destructive hurricane at a later period. There was a superstition connected with this ill-fated place which I took some pains to investigate. Be it known to every lover of the marvellous, be it remembered by every believer in the supernatural, that, after Port Royal was sunk by the earthquake, for many weeks, fiddling and dancing, cursing and swearing, could be plainly heard *below*, by any one who would take the trouble to listen. It was asserted that if you went to that part of the "Palisado," (the neck of land upon which the town was built,) which was devastated by the "quake," and laid your ear to the earth, you would hear very lively doings in the halls of the universal mother. I tried the experiment faithfully, but the sounds were not audible, or the revellers were at lunch, or taking a nap.

It will be deemed an odd taste, and a more than candid acknowledgement, that I spent the greater part of my time for some days amongst the slaves.

I felt an anxious wish to learn their actual condition. I had heard much said, amongst the people of my own country, of the cruelties practised upon them, and knew that there was, at that time, a warm controversy raging about them in the old world. I knew the "philanthropists," in England, were giving the West India slave-owners *floorers* upon every round. Then I had heard horrid stories from Jack Reeve, whose veracity nobody doubted, of what he had seen in his "Ingee voiges." The very last time he was there he saw seven *niggers* carbonadoed, and afterward³ roasted in a "dry pan with gradual fire," just as that veracious old chronicler of the iniquities of Romanism, Fra Anthony Gavin, saw the heretics served in the inquisitions of Toledo and Saragossa. "And what," said Jack, "d'ye think was the cause of this hellish iniquity?"

All answered "they could not even guess."

"Why, nothing at all, no more than that they chanced to sneeze before breakfast."

Then he saw ten thousand other enormities of a kindred nature. Beheading was so common that the diversion would not draw so many together as

the nicking a horse's tail would in New England. Whipping was the planter's pastime, mutilating and maiming so much of a pleasure that it was seldom allowed to be a solitary one, and the flaying alive of a stout wench was absolutely an occasion for a feast and ball. The "killing by flea-biting, the puncturing and scarifying to induce fly-blowing, and the kicking to death by grasshoppers, belonged, by prescription, to the ladies; but the digging out eyes by custom, or the common law of Jimena, to those of the male sex, who were verging on manhood." "Poor creatures!" "unhappy beings!" "miserable sons of Africa!" and three groans from the bystanders.

Now, before I was ten years of age, I knew there was such a thing as—fudge; and, before I was four years older, had the sense to apply the term to Jack's and similar stories of negro suffering. I had no doubt that, occasionally, the slaves in the West Indies, and every where else where slavery obtains, either by law or from *circumstances*, were cruelly and brutally used, doomed to every kind of suffering, beaten, starved, even maimed or butchered. I had seen enough of what had

actually taken place in the relation of master and *servant*, to form some idea of what might happen in that of master and *slave*. But I argued against the probability that the hard and cruel usage complained of was general. Slaves are the *wealth* of their masters, said I; men are careful of their wealth; ergo, they are careful of their slaves. This was a natural syllogism; if it had not been probably it would not have presented itself to the mind of a boy: and though it leaves out the motive to good treatment, it establishes the fact, and that is all I care about at this moment.

I went then to the West Indies with no exaggerated notions of the cruelty of masters to their slaves. I knew that masters could be cruel, for I had seen one hung for beating his apprentice-boy to death. But I said to myself, men feed their beasts of draught well, and when they are dragging a heavy load they frequently stop the team, to rest and breathe it. It was simple reasoning, but it kept me out of errors and fallacies, and so far performed what wisdom did for Jesus, the Son of Sirach, " gave me good judgement to the

intent that those who are desirous to learn may profit." I then saw what I have since seen, that, with a few exceptions, the slaves, both in the West Indies and the southern colonies, now states of America, are better fed, and have less to do, and, taking the respective climates into view, are better clothed and housed, and in a happier condition, than the peasantry of European countries generally. True, they work—at certain seasons of the year—very hard ; at other seasons, their labours are just enough to keep the scurvy away. They have time allowed them, both in the islands and on the continent, for cultivating their allotments of ground, or gardens, and for carrying their provisions to market. I could enlarge upon the privileges which the negro enjoys ; the advantages he derives from his situation over and above those who are placed, in all save a nominal independence, in a state of equal abjectness, without the claim which, as a species of wealth, he makes upon his master for support in time of dearth, and protection from danger. Talk of a Creole's beating a negro ! why, he is too lazy to do it. Were he to attempt it, there would be one big blow, and

the hand would fall powerless from constitutional lassitude. Has the reader never heard of the Creole mistress bidding "Sall to tell Sue to tell Phillis to come, and pick up the pin?" The labour of whipping a negro would be quite too much for a Creole. I can fancy him breathless and fainting from the task of inflicting a dozen lashes.

It was not more from a wish to do that which one seldom gets thanks for, set the world to rights, than to study the genus *man* in a new species, that I was induced to pay repeated visits to the Market-place, and other places where the negroes congregated in the greatest numbers. You might see, every day, an epitome of Africa, a grouping of the children of a continent in the vegetable-markets, or on the slave-marts of Kingston. Here was the Mandingo, black, but not glossy-black, like his neighbour, the Koromantyn, or "Gold Coast;" his hair bushy and crisped, not woolly like that of the other, but soft and silky to the touch; and his lips not so thick, nor his nose so flat, nor his mouth, though wide enough, not so wide as the other's by thirty inches. There stood the timid, fearful Eboe,

his skin of a sickly yellow hue, the conformation of his face so like that of a baboon, that "Jacko" rose involuntarily to your lips as the proper designation for the creature, and, before you knew it, your hand was in your pocket in search of nuts to feed him with. Beyond him was the Congo, his complexion a deep black, small and slender in stature, forming the most perfect contrast to be imagined to the fearless and intrepid, large limbed and stout hearted, Gold Coast. It was a moving panorama, and I enjoyed it.

I learned a great deal, in these rambles, of their opinions and practices, manners and customs. It was interesting to hear how they became slaves; for, if it originated in war, the narrative was, in effect, the history of that war; if it originated in parental cruelty, it was usually a story of deep tragic interest. Perhaps it embodied the circumstances of a successful intrigue, or a blighted passion—its hero, an Oroonoko, its heroine, a Yarico.

Then their superstitions. The second volume will have given the reader to understand how

great is my reverence for national superstitions. The opinions which a people may entertain of the Supreme Being are always entitled to the deepest respect and attention. Whether he be the Areskoui of the Hurons, or the Accompong of the Koromantyns; whether their paradise, like that of the Eboes and Papaws, be their own parched and burning regions, or like that of the North American Indians, "a valley clothed with eternal verdure, and bright with never-failing gladness," the superstition, wild though it seem, is but primeval faith debased, the religion of the Bible perverted. In my opinion, these superstitions should be reckoned amongst the immediate proofs that man feels, instinctively, the existence of a Deity, and that, when he sees "God in the clouds, or hears him in the winds," he affords, by this very ignorance, a stronger evidence of the existence of a Great First Cause than could be furnished by the most elaborate arguments of the philosopher and man of science, even—I will risk the saying it—the theologian. Learned subtlety may do wonders towards supporting a weak cause, but how can

there be a mistake in him who opens no book but the book of nature, takes no lesson in divinity but from an instinct—placed in his bosom—graven on his soul by Him who gave him being?

If I sometimes found food for sober reflection among the slaves, I derived infinite amusement at others. They have their allotted hours and days for sports and pastimes. That in which they most delight, and oftenest indulge, is dancing. I do not feel myself authorized to say that there was either elegance or science in their steps, but I can bear full testimony to their activity and perseverance. Their music is of a novel kind, for it is a fact that “they prefer the inharmonious sounds, produced by beating on a board, to the finest harmony produced by the favourite instruments of the white people.” The loudest noise is, in their opinion, the sweetest music. Every Sunday afternoon, upon holyday afternoons, and sometimes in the evening, after their labours were ended for the day, you might see them dancing upon the spacious and verdant lawns which surround the city

upon three sides. As the moon, in these climates, is very brilliant, the absence of the daylight is no hindrance to the pursuit of any amusement, or, indeed, any labour, and the negro then pursues his pleasures with the ardour which marks his disposition, when he is about what he likes, and what has not been named as a task.

CHAPTER VI.

THERE WAS one scene I frequently witnessed which gave me great pain, and which I set down as the most odious "feature" in negro slavery. And here let me remark that I am no advocate for slavery. I deprecate its introduction into the western world ; I deprecate its continuance there ; but I hold that, as the evil will be perpetuated by the impossibility of revoking or suppressing the measure, all that we can do will be to make the condition sit as light and easy upon its subjects as possible. We cannot manumit the slaves on the soil, we cannot remove them in a mass to Africa. Let us be content, then, with binding down the masters to good treatment by legal fetters, and with anathematizing the " Lord of Guinea,"* Bar-

* The King of Portugal took this title at the time of his

tholomew de las Casas, Sir John Hawkins, and the *Assiento* company.

The odious "feature" to which I allude is the frequent separation of families, by selling them, in portions or singly, to different masters. I do not so much allude to the parting of husbands and wives, because the frailest web ever spun in the loom of Arachne has ten times the strength of a negro matrimonial connexion. But it is a different thing when a child is taken from the breast to pass into the hands of another than the owner of its mother.

Four days after my arrival, I was present at the sale of a lot of newly-imported negroes, where a thing of the kind would have happened but for my interference. A child, three or four months old, was "knocked down" to another than the purchaser of its wretched mother, for the sum of six pounds ten shillings and sixpence, Jamaica currency. The mother was a young and pretty Koromantyn, more than sixteen: it was her first and only

building the slave-forts on the African coast, in 1481, the era of the introduction of the practice of slavery.

child. The purchaser came and demanded his property; she resisted with all the strength and power supplied by maternal tenderness, aided by the particularly savage—to an enemy, fond in regard to their offspring—disposition of the Koromantyns. The buyer, however, was used to such scenes, and paid no regard to her tears and entreaties. Finding that he had not strength enough to accomplish the separation unaided, he called his overseer, and, between them, they effected it, not, however, till they had, in the struggle, cast the mother to the earth, bruised and bleeding.

This was a novel scene to me, and one which roused the keenest sensibilities of my nature. It came to my mind that I had once a kind and tender mother, and I asked myself how she would have felt and acted had I been wrenched from her in the way they had torn this negro boy from his mother's breast. I had about me money enough to buy him back at the price paid for him in the first instance, and I determined, ill-provided as I was with the sinews of charity, to try how I should sleep upon a deed of benevolence. I followed the

purchaser to the outside of the crowd collected to the sale, and asked him if he would part with the child. He was quite unwilling to do so, and made great sport of my sympathy with the African mother, but, at length, I prevailed upon him to relinquish his purchase, repaid him his money, and gave the child to its mother.

I had little difficulty in making her understand that the child was restored to her, to be her own, and that she was to nurse, and keep it about her afterwards. No words can express the gratitude which flashed from her eyes, and none but those who have seen a spaniel testifying affection for its master, when the twain have just made up a quarrel, and master professes himself satisfied with puppy's contrition, can have any idea of the odd gestures she made use of, and the any thing but picturesque attitudes she threw herself into to convince me that she was grateful. In this instance, about the only one I ever knew amongst the race, and some asserted the first ever heard of in Jamaica, she knew the father of her child, and then there came his thanks and gratitude. He had not been purchased by the same master, but

what, in his estimation, and, doubtless, in the estimation of both, amounted to a far better thing, he would be sent to a plantation so near that on which his wife was to be employed that he could form other connexions, without being under her jealous eye, yet see her and his child as often as he liked. An arrangement like this is considered by this sensual and licentious race the positive acmé of enjoyment. Of all human beings, the negro is the most thoughtless and improvident : I do not believe he could be made, in a time of famine—wide-spreading famine—to take measures for securing food a day a-head, unless he should be urged to it by the application of a whip. He would starve in the midst of plenty, unless a more careful friend than himself stood caterer, and planted fields with an eye to his support.*

* "How is it," said a Colonel Bourke to a gentleman whom I knew, a planter in Carolina, "that your crop of sweet potatoes lasts so much longer than mine?"

"You take yours out of the ground, and your overseer deals them out, I think;" answered Colonel Grayson.

"I do;" was the reply.

"Now I, being a very cruel master, impose upon my slaves

Upon the seventh day after my arrival, Mr. Brydone, one of the gentlemen to whom I brought letters, returned to the city, and I waited upon him to deliver them. I found him a genuine Creole, indolent and high tempered, but generous and hospitable to a fault. Having stated to him the object of my visit to the island, I received his promise of assistance. Our search for my sister commenced early the next morning, and in two hours' time we had traced the dear fugitive to, perhaps, a better home than she could hope to find on earth—my search had terminated; she lay in the city

the labour of digging them, *as they want them*, and the consequence is that I save at least twenty per cent.

There is nothing false or exaggerated in this view of negro improvidence. A negro slave will be at the point of starving before he will, of himself, take the least measure to procure food. Whenever you hear of an instance of free negroes acquiring property,—when you see his mind exercised on the future and caring for to morrow or next year,—you may rest assured that there has been a crossing of his blood with another and differently-constituted race,—to use the West-India phrase, you may “look behind his ears at once” with the certainty of finding a whiter cast of skin there than the unmixed African can possibly have.

cemetery. Will it be believed that the circumstance gave me heartfelt satisfaction—that I rejoiced in the home she had found? What further business can she have on earth, who, at the age of sixteen, has parted with her fair fame? None, believe me, none. Though those beautiful lines, beginning “When lovely woman stoops to folly,” have been quoted till they have become the most hackneyed of all quotations, still they may be repeated in the ears of too confiding women, with as much profit as on the day they came fresh and warm from the fount of inspiration.

We were enabled to gather the following particulars relative to my dear lost sister. She arrived at the island in the cartel-boat which brought prisoners from Martinique. Immediately upon her arrival, she commenced her inquiries for her betrayer. He was not to be found, and the wretched girl sunk under the disappointment. She had taken lodgings in the house of a Quadroon* woman, one of that unhappy class so common in the West Indies, who, having devoted the

* The offspring of a Mulatto woman, by a white man, is denominated, in the English islands, *Quadroon*.

morning of life to the guilty pleasures of man, are recompensed, in its wane, by his neglect and desertion. But none have hearts so open to charity as these "people of colour." I have no doubt my dear sister experienced, in her last illness, as much and as constant kindness as she would have received under her father's roof.

From Dinah I learned many things, which gave me unutterable consolation, even amidst the poignant grief I endured. Dinah was not religious in any sense of the word, but she entertained for those who were the respect and awe which even the vilest sinner feels himself compelled to pay to the Christian—from an overpowering consciousness that the Almighty is "with his spirit." Dinah told me, in her own broken English, that "my sisser pray, pray all de time. She say she was very vile gal, but she hope God forgib her. She say, mebbe she bring her ole parents, her good fadder and modder wid sorrow to de grave, but she hope God forgib her. And she die wid de Great Name on her lip."

She was not communicative on the concerns of

her family, nor about the affair which had made her an outcast from it. She bade her kind hostess call her "Sally," but would not reveal her other name. It was of no use to do so, she said—it might prejudice her family. Whilst sufficient strength remained to her, she was employed every morning in a vain search for her betrayer. Her story, as much of it as she would disclose, soon became known, and one general sentiment of pity pervaded the bosoms of all. Though she remained eminently beautiful, though Kingston is a very debauched and licentious place, and though the circumstances which carried her thither seemed to imply a dereliction of virtue which made her a fair object for the shameless proposals of the libertine, still she was treated as if she had been a virtuous, instead of an erring woman.

I was shown her grave in the church-yard. Though she had been dead but a month, it was nearly overgrown with weeds, which, in the West Indies, spring up like Aladdin's palace. I caused a small stone, with this simple inscription upon it, to be placed at the head of the grave:—

" The body of Sally Haverhill lies here.

She was born at ———, in New England, on the

5th of April, 1742.

And died, October 4th, 1759, of a broken heart."

I was ever averse to lengthened inscriptions upon tombs and gravestones. It always appeared to me the height of absurdity to put forth a legend of the good deeds and memorable actions of departed relatives upon a frail and perishable page of marble. It is not always the world will be convinced that the praise we have uttered was deserved—indeed, it seldom is to the full extent of the recorded eulogy—for affection is proverbially blind, and, besides, the tribute was paid at the moment when only the kindness of the deceased was present to our minds—when the remembrance of their errors and follies was drowned in sorrow and affliction for their loss. How often have I read on a tombstone an eulogy attributing to its object every virtue under heaven, when, if that unerring record of character, "what every body says," had been consulted, a far different class of qualities "from that of faith, hope, charity, brotherly love, temperance, sobriety, chastity, resignation, meek-

ness," &c. &c. would have been made the types of his life and practice. No, no; let the tombstone be what it was originally intended it should be, and nothing else, a memento mori to the sleeper's own immediate posterity and generation, a mere record that he was born and died on such a day. If he has been very eminent, history will speak of it; if his merit is but a remove below, it will live in oral remembrance for a hundred years; if he were mean or bad, why strive to perpetuate his insignificance or worthlessness?

On the evening of the day after I had performed the last office I could ever render to the dust of my beloved sister, I took one of my customary strolls through the outskirts of the city. It was now what people, living in a northern latitude, would call late in the season, but in these climes verdure is perennial—that is, it owes neither its birth nor death to summer nor winter, but to the recurrence of the wet and the dry season. Upon these the sward is solely dependent for its livery of brown or of green.

The autumnal season of rains usually commences, in Jamaica, about the beginning of October. In

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1759, it did not set in so soon by ten days, but the quantity which had fallen at the time of my arrival—the first of November—was sufficient to call up the latent shoots of grass, and cover the earth with a luxuriant and brightly tinted herbage. They had helped to ripen that portion of fruit which still hung on the boughs, and to infuse a livelier principle of germination into that which was just formed. Some of the orange trees were in full bloom—some exhibiting fruit in all its different stages, together with that which, I suppose, a metaphysician would call the “abstract principle” of fruit—a bud—a blossom—a little petal, just beginning to round itself, in pregnancy with an orange. Nothing can be more charming—that is, there is only *one* object more charming, than these plantations of orange and lime trees. Whilst the eye is delighted with the verdant foliage, and the abundance of beautiful flowers scattered amongst it, the nostril is regaled by the thousand delicious scents with which the air is filled. Nor does the sense of hearing remain without its share of gratification, though

it is not destined to equal delight and variety. Nature has been profuse of ornament to the birds of the torrid zone, giving to it the princely flamingo, a bird as large as a swan, as tall as an officer of the guards, and still more sanguine. Again, they have the humming-bird, perhaps the most beautiful of the tribe in which it holds a disputed place, for many think it an *insect*, with robes of the hue of the emerald, the amethyst, and the ruby, and

In shape no bigger than an agate stone

On the forefinger of an alderman.

The point I would arrive at, but my enthusiastic love of one pursuit is continually carrying me off, is, that Nature, whilst she has given to the tropical birds great beauty of plumage, has denied them the "voice and ear" which she has given to the birds of Europe. I do not mean to say that the former are entirely without melody. The mocking-bird will sing you a very pretty stave, but he soon gets tired, and ends with a nervous note, meant as an excuse, just as a young lady plays a cadenza, by

way of finale to a bore, or her grandmother. The song of the dove is plaintive and interesting; and the hum of the innumerable insects which buzz around you comes in aid of forest minstrelsy, to regale your ears in an evening stroll in these islands.

To resume my story. I had several times, in my rambles, past a beautiful orangery, a little way from town, and had, each time, bestowed upon it abundance of admiration, though not more than it deserved, and was, each time, struck with a Yankee curiosity, to pry a little into its recesses. It struck me suddenly that now was a good time to gratify my wish;—the gate was open,—there was a bright moonlight, and all was hushed and still, so I entered.

After walking for a short time in the more open parts of the garden, amongst chiromoya and pimento trees, I turned down a dark alley which led directly to a low door, or postern, in the spacious front veranda of the building. It may be remarked, in passing, that these verandas, being useful as a protection from the heat and to shed off rain, are found attached to almost every house. There

were several apertures cut in the frames which supported the vines and creepers in the sides of this alley, within which framed door-posts and lintels were set. Around these the various creeping plants of that voluptuous climate, plants so vigorous, that if ever a communication is established between Terra and Saturn, it will either be by means of Jack's bean-tree or a Jamaica purple flowering clematis, had been permitted to twine themselves so as completely to hide the wood-work from all whose eyes were less curious than mine. These apertures, or passages, led to recesses, or alcoves, furnished with benches and low cane chairs, and lighted, more for show than use, though the thick foliage excluded the beams of the moon, each by a small lamp, suspended from the arched and jasmine-flowered roof. I sat down upon one of these benches, nearly hidden from view by the branches which, thickly covered with leaves and blossoms, protruded themselves through the trellis-work that formed the interior sides of the arch. The air was so full of sweets as almost to be oppressive.

I had hardly taken my seat, and found leisure suf-

ciently to admire this delightful conservatory, when a lady, beautifully, but chastely dressed, came out of the postern, and bounded with a light and dancing step into the alcove next, and but a few feet from me. The vines upon the sides of that in which I sat were not quite so closely woven, nor the foliage so matted as to prevent my obtaining a full view of the fair apparition. She appeared young—say seventeen, rather tall, and, like the females of the mild climates generally, exquisitely shaped, and remarkably graceful in her walk and attitudes. No females that have ever come under my observation have such hands, feet, and delicate proportions as the Creolian ladies of the West Indies. Their forms are almost faultless. As this fair creature passed in a dancing step by me, and the light from one of the lamps suspended on the orange bough fell upon her face, I felt quite sure I could distinguish the peculiar cast of features and shade of complexion which mark the blended offspring of the races of Europe and Africa in its fourth or fifth remove from the blood of the latter. (In the English West Indies they call the former *Quadroon*, the latter *Mustee*.)

Her hair, long, black as a coal, and slightly curled at the ends and upon the forehead, fell in great profusion over a neck of surpassing whiteness, and a pair of the most delicate and finest-turned shoulders I ever beheld: yet it did not exhibit any of the stiffness and repugnance to be combed, which belong, in general, to the locks of those "compounds" who are not thus far removed from the unmixed African. Her face was neither Roman nor Grecian, but, in my opinion, much finer than if it had been either. Her lips looked like a cleft rose-bud, her chin was beautifully dimpled, but her cheek was colourless as snow.

Her dress was tasteful, inasmuch as it was *white*, a colour—if it be a colour—which I recommend to all young ladies as that which best sets off maiden loveliness; unfortunately, they seldom choose it, but appear in gaudy dress, which is anything but true taste. The robe worn by this lady was a plain muslin; a sprig of evergreen was intertwined with the gold chain which, fastened around her neck, fell low in front upon her bosom. A cluster of rose-buds, just opening, depended from her waist-riband, and one fully

blown was placed in her hair. A small hand, of dazzling whiteness, adorned with more rings than are generally worn by unmarried ladies, and a little foot, incased in a white satin sandal, were other admired features of this beautiful girl.

Secrecy appeared to have nothing to do with her walk, for, as she seated herself in the alcove, she sung, with a full and clear voice, and in tones exquisitely soft and thrilling, the song printed below. Now, I have before observed that negroes are not remarkable for possessing good voices. I never knew a full-blooded African who could have sung a good song, even if he had known the words to which the music was adapted. The voice of the lady before me was what they call, in the Spanish islands, *vos blanco*, a "white voice."

Were I to name my earthly lot,
Say to my Maker *what* and *whither*,
I'd choose me out a lonely spot,
And carry gentle Emma thither.

And this should be thy soft retreat,
Thou pride of England's beauteous daughters ;
A bower where love and peace should meet,
A blissful isle of woods and waters.

They sing in eastern song of lands,
Elysiums of happy lovers,
By which a watchful angel stands
To see that naught unholy hovers.

They said it of the solitudes,
Where love, with happiest heart reposes ;
Where, far from all peace-wrecking feuds,
He sleeps upon a couch of roses.

When she had finished this, she leaned her head on her hand for awhile, in the attitude of listening. No one came—if one was expected, and she resumed her minstrelsy with the following

SONG OF THE SPANISH LADY.

Why comes he not? 'tis now
The hour when lovers meet ;
The moonbeam through the orange bough
Falls, struggling, at my feet.
Soft eve has chased the noon,
The sultriness of day ;
The zephyr shakes the lemon bloom—
Then, why is he away ?

He said that he would come
When dew began to fall ;
It ever was his wont to come
When night had spread her pall.
He dared the stormy lake,
He trod the haunted grove,
He was not one would lightly break
His promise to his love.

Hush ! sighing winds, be hushed !
I hear his dipping oar ;
His frail bark through the ripple brushed,
Can lover venture more ?
He dares a jealous lord,
He risks the lance's harms,
And he shall find the wished reward—
I'll clasp him in my arms.

As she warbled the last stanza of this soft invitation to her absent lover, a fine looking young man, in the naval costume of Great Britain, with the bold step which belongs to the profession of arms, making that profession an almost certain passport to the favour of the fair, came swiftly up the alley, and entered the alcove. Having, with great gallantry, and much apparent

satisfaction, first kissed the little white hand which she tendered him, he seated himself at her side, and put his arm around her waist. I made several attempts to see his face, but the thickness of the shrubbery, the uncertain light cast by the lamp, and the peculiar position in which they sat, prevented me. I was sure of one thing, however,—he was English. My curiosity was soon transferred from the features of the gentleman to the matter of the dialogue which took place between him and his fair mistress.

“ You will think me a laggard in love, sweet Margareta,” said he, tenderly; “ but you must not, dearest; I have been kept from you by a voice too potential to be resisted—that of my superior officer. I have scarce breathed twice since I received permission to fly to love and you.”

“ And did you really fly, Charles?”

“ Yes, my love, flew.”

“ What a ‘lame duck’ to be out of breath with a flight of some two or three miles,” said she, laughing immoderately. “ Charles, you will

never be Icarus—you could not soar high enough to fall.”

“ Oh, you are a mad girl ;” said the doating lover, half devouring her hand with kisses ; “ and, worst of all, you are a trifler, Margaretta ; a trifler with the fondest and most devoted heart ever offered to a woman.”

“ No, indeed, I am not ; but, Charles, to deal plainly with you, I think you a very deceitful man, and, in matters of love, a real fibber, spite of your epaulettes.”

“ Misdoubting girl ! How can you say so, when even now I am here to prove my constancy, by repeating my offer of heart, hand, fortune, life, and liberty.”

“ A splendid proposal, and a most valuable inventory of chattels, as papa calls them ;” answered the lady. “ Let us estimate their worth in the market ? A cracked and perjured heart—”

“ I’ll stop your mouth.”

“ Be quiet, I tell you. A hand—bless me, how hard the ropes have made it—rendered worthless from having been offered to a dozen before, and rejected by all ; a fortune reduced, by tailors’

bills, to the value of a Port-Royal ball-ticket, £2:10:0—a life mortgaged to the king—and liberty only parted with to be resumed at the expiration of one poor month. By my computation you have made me a cheap offer.”

“Jesting still! This is cruel, Miss Shadwell.”

“Miss Shadwell! Ah, now you have taken a terrible miff. Address me as ‘madam,’ and I shall be sure that our quarrel is as nearly irreconcilable as a quarrel can be where——”

“What?”

“Where, I am *sure* that one, I have reason to think both, of the silly children would not, for the wealth of Ind, make the breach eternal.”

“Dear, sweet Margareta! precious confession! my own love! but why will you not put an end to this tormenting suspense? Why, my beloved, will you not consent to become mine by the sweetest of all human ties? I have given you every proof of my honourable intentions. I have offered testimonials sufficient to place my character beyond the reach of suspicion.”

“My father.”

“And what of him, my love?”

" I have told you that he will never consent to our union."

" Will not consent to our union ?"

" You may remember, Charles, that I said as much when you was here last."

" It is impossible—utterly impossible," resumed the lover, " impossible that he should be so blind to his own interests, if insensible to—I hope I speak your thoughts, my love—to your happiness as to refuse me your hand. I am of an honourable and honoured family ; not a beggar, and rising in an honourable profession. My conduct has been irreproachable, my courage undoubted, to both of which circumstances many men of the first standing in this city will testify."

" Still he will not consent. Wealth he cares nothing for—he has enough to make the fortunes of half a dozen. But having, at an early period of his life, been injured by his countrymen, he has conceived so strong a dislike to them that I doubt whether he would accept life itself at their hands."

" Is his antipathy so deep-rooted ?"

" It is ; and he gave a proof of it in his refusal

to admit you to his house. He denied you, you said, with great rudeness, and bade you begone, as he would a dog, though the men he most esteems had spoken to him in your behalf. Never will he consent to our union."

"I will be satisfied without it, dearest," said the lover passionately. "Give me your own sweet consent, my charming little Creole—confide yourself entirely to your own Charles; and, with a shake of the Bellona's fore-top-sail, we will pay our debt of gratitude to your father."

"And you would persuade me to desert my only remaining parent?" said she, reproachfully; "I could not have expected this from a man boasting of his honour and uprightness. And yet," she continued, laying her snowy little hand upon his shoulder, and looking into his face with an expression so affectionate, so beautifully innocent, that I could not wonder it threw him into raptures, "I will do you the favour to believe that the solicitations which would lead an innocent girl astray, were suggested solely by your love to my unworthy self. You are offended I see."

"Not offended, but grieved, Margareita. I

love you truly and tenderly, Heaven be the witness of my sincerity. Are you not doing yourself as well as me a great, perhaps an irreparable injury, when you throw away a devoted heart from an idle attachment to form ? I must go, my love, for my captain bade me be in his cabin at ten, and it draws near the hour. When shall I see you again ?”

“ The day after to-morrow, at nine, in this arbour.”

When the lady saw him about to depart, she threw into her voice and manner a much greater degree of affection than she had shown before. The quick eye of the lover saw it, and, turning hastily back, he said, “ I sometimes persuade myself, Margaretta, that I am not so indifferent to you as I seem to be.”

The lady sighed gently, while she said, “ If you think I care nothing for you it were useless to seek another interview.”

“ I do not—will not think so, my beloved,” said the Briton, tenderly. “ I will think you have shown for me as much affection as so modest and retired a maiden should. But I must go ; farewell ! Margaretta. And do, Sweet, by the time of our

next meeting, reason yourself into a resolution to leave kith and kin with your own sailor boy, who loves you as he does his life. Go with him to the gray halls, in which his jovial ancestors ate, drank, slept, and sometimes danced down the reel of life, with little creatures as lovely as yourself, and, depend upon it, you shall never regret the step, nor wish its consequences undone." Having kissed the hand tendered him with much apparent satisfaction—and the cheek which was not rendered with more, he departed.

He had been gone scarce a minute, when a tall gaunt figure who had evidently been listening, dressed in yellow nankin breeches, a loose dressing gown of the same, and a waistcoat of green taffeta, forming altogether, a very singular dress, entered the arbour, and placed himself at her side. He wore upon his head the straw hat peculiar to those islands, with a very broad brim, and peaked crown—in the Spanish West Indies they call them *sombreros*, and carried in his mouth a long pipe, or "hookah," from which he occasionally drew and emitted clouds of smoke. Depositing upon the bench his huge hat, the brim of which

was so large as to make it answer the purposes of an umbrella, he displayed to my view a singularly thin and swarthy visage, with high cheek-bones, a large mouth scantily furnished with teeth, and an eye, as I thought, fraught with much cunning and duplicity. He seemed to be rather more than fifty years of age, but in the low latitudes, and beneath what horticulturalists would call the "forcing glasses of the equinox," to the eyes of one accustomed to the protracted vigour of a northern climate, fourteen oftentimes seems twenty, and forty-five possesses the enfeebled limbs, and failing step of three-score. The proverb applied to those who exhibited precocity of talent, "early ripe, early rotten," has here a literal application. Men spring up like mushrooms and perish almost as soon.

"Well!" exclaimed the seignour, puffing out a cloud of smoke, and curling his lip, "Well, and how prospers the Creole lady with her gallant Briton? Have you bound him to the stake yet?"

The lady, with a sigh, answered, "The stratagem you proposed has succeeded much better than I could wish."

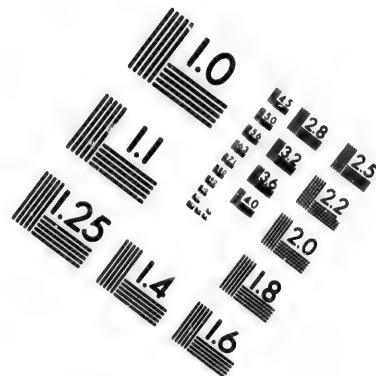
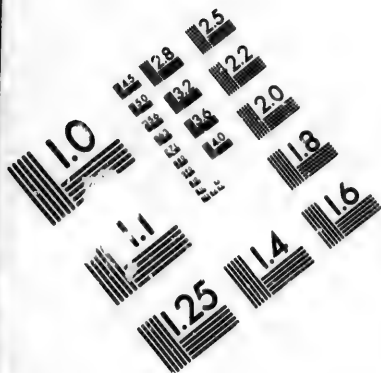
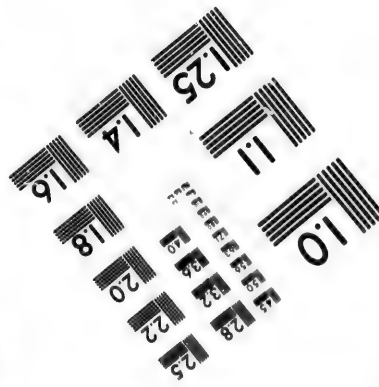
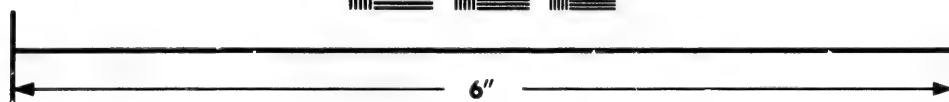
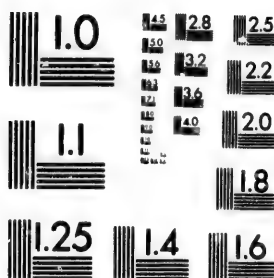
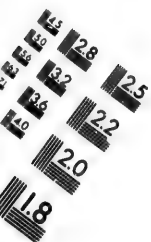


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"How is that?—Better than you could wish!—You speak riddles: I understand you not."

"I mean that I repent of the wrong we intend this gallant Englishman."

"Repent! ha!—Powers of the earth, and the air, and the sea, hear, and take up the word. Repent! I like to repeat the word—it is a new one in our vocabulary. Never was the sound heard before from the lips of dad or daughter."

"True, my father; because Orina Shadwell was never in love before."

"Love! love!" he repeated, and broke into another of those ominous, half-suppressed laughs, in which he seemed so prone to indulge. "Well, that beats the Devil himself. Now here is what comes the nearest to diablerie of any thing I ever knew. A girl, whose amours are countless as the stars, and whose second passion is revenge, talks of that sacred feeling of virtuous bosoms, called *love*. Why, Orina, child of my heart, because thou art patterned so exactly after me, both in mind and temper, that I can scarcely believe in the individuality of either of us; hast thou forgotten thy and my revenge? Hast thou

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forgotten that thou art to ruin thy sister ; and I, through thee, to revenge myself on him whose hand drove me into exile ; who has compelled me, for near twenty years, to live an outcast beneath these burning suns, and for so long to submit to the still deferred hope of seeing my own dear England once more ?”

“ True, father ; I thought to have accomplished all you wished, and to have found my usual malicious satisfaction in doing it. I would still drive my sister into madness, if I could ; and I would still do your bidding like a dutiful child. But, father, I love, deeply, fervently love this handsome sailor.”

“ Do you give over your schemes of revenge ?” he asked, his eyes flashing fire.

“ Do you wish me longer to entertain them ?”

“ I do—more—you *shall* entertain them. By all the gods, whether of Rome or Greece, I will have revenge on the hated family of ——.” He sounded the name with clenched teeth, and in so low a voice that I could not make it out. “ Never till now has there occurred a prospect of revenge equal to my wish, deep as my hate, bitter as my

gall. I marry my daughter—by a mulatto wench—herself little better than a prostitute, pennyless, unless I choose, and with passions to make a paradise a hell, to the heir of the house and honours of my foe—to the only surviving male of the line. It is a revenge equal to my hatred, and that is without limit or duration.”

“ Must I break the heart of the man I love ? ”

“ Not all at once—only crack it—feed upon it as the vultures fed upon the liver of Prometheus. They did not—could not devour it at once, but ate it piece-meal : I should be glad to pattern my revenge after that of the gods upon the daring mortal, for theirs, I think, doomed to eternal punishment. Hush ! my daughter, do not speak—we know each other, and will act according to that knowledge. Hark ye, you must and shall continue the deception, and be *Margaretta Shadwell* to the very moment he receives you to his arms a bride. Then, or as soon after as you please, acquaint him with the truth ; whisper in his ear that he has wedded the illegitimate daughter of Major Shadwell, by his African slave. Means shall not be wanting to make him ac-

quainted with the other traits in your character, which—did I not hear the leaves move!—no, it was only the wind—which will be worse than death to his proud heart. And see that sufficient witnesses are not wanting to your marriage; for it shall be told in the ears of his family, before two months are gone, and your legal claims to the character of a wife, if disputed, vindicated. And for the pecuniary means to enable you to do all this wickedness, apply to your loving father. Good night.”

With these words he replaced his hat upon his head, and left his daughter to meditate upon them. She reposed her round and dimpled chin upon her hand for a couple of minutes; and then rose and followed him through the postern. As I caught a last view, and contemplated the perfections of her form—a form, whose proportions no sculptor could surpass, and saw the inimitable grace of her step and motions, and recollected the dazzling beauty of her face, I could not forbear exclaiming with Miranda, “Can the ill spirit have so fair a temple?”

CHAPTER V.

IT may appear quixotic to my readers, that I should conceive the idea of exposing this atrocious intrigue to him who was to be its victim. That I did so must not be altogether attributed to philanthropy. Curiosity, the besetting sin of those born in a narrow sphere of life, was, I believe, the motive that prompted me to the undertaking.

I employed the principal part of the next morning in obtaining information respecting the proprietor of the garden. Common report had assigned him the same birth-place with that he had himself intimated in his dialogue with his infamous daughter, to wit—England. He had been settled in Jamaica near twenty years. He brought some property with him, which had, finally, swollen into enormous wealth. The name by which he had always been known in the islands

was Shadwell; but circumstances had induced a suspicion that this was not his real name. He had reported that he was driven from home by the persecutions of his uterine brother, on the score of the lady who had accompanied him to the island. If such were the case, the harsh and imperious treatment she experienced from him, in every way by which bad usage could be inflicted, would seem to be a poor return for her desertion of her country and kindred to follow his fortunes in a distant land. It was certain that he debarred her from visiting or receiving visits, and that often, from sheer cruelty, he compelled her to perform the menial duties of the household, whilst liveried slaves were lolling at their ease. And fame went so far as to say that it was his common practice to invest a negro wench with authority to appoint the tasks for this miserable woman to perform, and with power to inflict personal chastisement if it were not done within the appointed time. Made the object of continual cruelty, and slighted for a yellow mistress brought into the house to tyrannise over her, her reason at length forsook her, and her heart burst with the load of sorrow and

misery which the unkindness of her husband laid upon her. She died at one of his plantations in the interior of the island, and left one child, a daughter—at the time of her decease, aged about six years. I must not omit to mention, that there were suspicions afloat that her death had not been a “fair-stray death,”—it was believed to have been produced by violence.

Major Shadwell was now somewhat in years, that is, he was fifty; but his passions, together with the enervating effects of the climate, and a somewhat too free use of exhilarating cordials, had added at least fifteen years to his looks, if not to his constitution. There was the apparent debility of threescore in his walk and gestures. It was said that he was unhappy; though this fact, which, in general, can only be learned from private habits, was but guessed at; for he gave the world no opportunity to ascertain the truth of the report. He saw no company, either at home or abroad; he visited neither the house of God nor the dwellings of men. The omission to do the first excited no surprise—he was no worse than his neighbours; but in a place so much given to conviviality and

feasting as Jamaica, where the maxim is a "short life and a merry one;" where time is literally "caught by the forelock," and where thought and reflexion, and the fear of consequences, both temporal and eternal, are oftentimes drowned in the brimming bowl, his refusal to mix in the circles of dissipation and colonial fashion was resented with much warmth and bitterness.

The mulatto mistress, whose intrusion into the house had driven the legitimate mistress from it, and eventually to the grave, died a few months after her, also leaving one daughter, the Orina of my story.

There was a singular coincidence attending the birth of these two daughters. They were born on one day, and no two persons since the time of the two Antipholuses and two Dromios ever resembled each other so much in personal features as these two sisters. Their height, in each the same within the eighth of an inch, and the general contour of their faces, their hair, black in both as the wing of a raven, their eyes, alike dark and languishing, the round and dimpled chin, the rosy lip, and the delicate hand and foot of each,

proclaimed a most startling resemblance between them. I learned, however, that I could know them apart by observing that Orina was rapid, sprightly, and wanton in her step and air, whilst Margaretta was pensive and downcast, chaste in her deportment, and slow and serious in her conversation. Beheld together by daylight, and a close scrutiny made, a further shade of difference would be seen in that never failing source of correct observation to determine the remove from the African race, the eye—the complexion of the daughter of the mulatto, betraying a tinge of yellow, imperceptible save in broad daylight and to a practised eye.

The same person from whom I learned that the sisters possessed this wonderful personal resemblance, informed me that never were there two persons more unlike in their dispositions and conduct—as unlike as the habits or the complexion of the races from whom their mothers sprung. Margaretta, the daughter of the *wife*, was remarkably sweet tempered and amiable, modest and good, charitable to a fault, and beloved by all. How unlike her the half sister! The disposition

of the mulatto would be well expressed by the lines which Young has put in the mouth of Zanga to describe the temper and feelings of his countrymen of Barbary :

“ Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,

“ With whom revenge is virtue.”

Passion, in every shape and under every form, raged in her bosom without control. Her countless intrigues were the common theme of the city, notwithstanding that the opinions of the inhabitants upon the subject of female purity were by no means such as to make the vice which supposes its dereliction a peculiarly *banned* one. But the standard was not so low as to bring the people to witness, without regret, the loss, to heaven and earth, of a woman possessed of the beauty, sprightliness, and prospective fortune of Orina Shadwell. And then her temper, heavens! what so appalling as its outbreak! When waked, and slight were the inducements wanted—the smallest opposition to her least indulged wish was enough to arouse its fury, the hurricanes and tempests of her own island were not more violent and scarcely more destructive. To sum up her character in the

briefest space, she had the form and features of an angel, and the mind and heart of a fiend.

Having made myself acquainted with the foregoing circumstances, and become apprized of the traits by which I could know the sisters apart, I repaired to His Majesty's ship *Bellona*, to unfold to the young officer the risks he would encounter by seeking the further acquaintance of the Shadwell family. I knew I was attempting a piece of quixotism, and that, not unlikely, my agency in the arrest of the plot would have an unpleasant termination to myself. It is not easy to make a lover listen to reason, when it is adverse to his passion. Then, in the event of his disclosure of my name and intervention, I should have to brave the displeasure of the vindictive Creole, especially if I succeeded in defeating her revenge. These considerations did not, however, deter me from attempting the rescue of the endangered young sailor.

At twelve o'clock I was on board the *Bellona*. As I did not know the name of the officer I had seen in the garden, further than I heard the lady call him "Charles," or what was his station on board

the ship, though I presumed it was first lieutenant, I felt at a loss how to word the inquiry which should enable me to procure an interview with him. The reader will recollect that he had not, in the scene at the gardens, disclosed his rank or given me any clue whereby to find him out, except that he had mentioned the command of his captain to be in the cabin of the ship at ten, which would seem to imply that the occasion was a council, and himself an officer of trust. He was evidently a gentleman, and then he was of "high lineage." Was not this a good reason for thinking him high in office? I asked for the first lieutenant; his servant said he was writing. Having been sent to him with a message that a gentleman wished to see him on "important business," the servant returned with an invitation to me to go to his cabin.

I found a noble and most officer-like young man seated at a writing-desk, whom I had no difficulty in recognising, by the square shoulders and trim of the mustachios, to be my hero of the garden. I had now leisure and opportunity to scan his features. They were eminently handsome and

pleasing. He was very polite and sociable; but neither politeness nor sociability assisted me to "break the ice" of my secret. I believe he anticipated a communication which I found difficulty in making—my hesitation and faltering gave him to understand as much.

At length I said, "the business, sir, which has procured me the pleasure of this interview relates to yourself."

He bowed, and I proceeded.

"Were it otherwise—were it my own concern, I should feel less hesitation to speak of it, when, perhaps, I shall call down upon myself the reproach of being impertinent, and of intermeddling with what does not concern me. I must hope, however, that my motive will be received as my apology."

Again he bowed, and his countenance began to exhibit some appearance of curiosity.

"The night before the last you were in the Shadwell-gardens."

He sprung from his chair with the rapidity of a ball winged from the ponderous engine of death upon which he was leaning, and his face became first ashy pale, and then of the colour of scarlet.

"Eaves-droppers, ha! spies, ha!" he exclaimed, with a voice of frenzy.

There was that born in me which refused to cower under a look of wrath even if deserved. I was on my feet nearly as soon as he, and as ready to repel violence as he to offer it.

"Neither," said I, with a tone as loud and peremptory as his.

"Was you, or was you not a witness to the interview? damnation! what am I saying?"

"To the interview at the Shadwell-gardens with one of the daughters of the proprietor? you would demand. I was. Sit down, and let your anger subside. Banish your suspicions of wrong done or intended to be done you, they injure both yourself and me. Chance alone—and a happy chance it was—made me a witness of your interview. I have a disclosure to make."

He had succeeded in dispelling much of the anger from his countenance, but it still retained the traces of great anxiety. Securing the door of the cabin, he signed to me to resume my chair, and took one himself near it. "Begin, sir, if you

please," said he. "I will hear you; and, whatever be the subject, calmly."

"Do you know the character of Major Shadwell?"

"Perfectly—black, black as h—ll. But does a relation of his misdeeds form any part of the disclosure you meditate making?"

"Not at all. Do you know that of his daughter Orina?"

"To be sure I do. The very counterpart of Old Yellow Breeches—double distilled iniquity. I wonder how my sweet and spotless Margarett should have remained so pure, the dear creature so perfect, dwelling under that stygian roof."

"Do you know there is a striking personal resemblance between the sisters?" I asked.

"I do," he answered. "But, my dear sir, whereto tends this preface? You are not aware, perhaps, that you have placed me on a rack—it is your duty to relieve me as soon as possible: a clear explanation can do it."

Without circumlocution I related to him the dialogue I had overheard after he quitted the gar-

den the preceding evening. I related to him their plans, and the personation by the atrocious Orina of her envied sister. I cannot attempt to portray the different emotions which he displayed upon this discovery of their baseness, notwithstanding his promise to remain calm. For a while I could not dismiss the belief that he would much rather have remained without the information I had imparted. Rage, disappointment, sorrow, and, lastly, or my suspicions did him great injustice, discontent with me for having roused him to a sense of his danger. I resolved not to leave him whilst he was in this tempest of passion, but to remain with him and keep his courage screwed to the sticking point.

Reason at length resumed her dominion over his mind, and he became tolerably tranquil. I had not yet inquired his name;—as a prelude to doing so I gave him mine—"Haverhill," and requested to know his.

What could be the meaning of his extreme agitation at the mention of my name? After a pause of near a minute, thinking he had not heard my question, I repeated my wish to know the

name of the gentleman with whom I was conversing. "Mapletoft," said he, hesitatingly; "but, my dear sir, I am particularly anxious to keep every thing connected with this occurrence a profound secret. My honour, perhaps my life, depend upon my doing so—will you oblige me with a promise not to divulge my name to any one without my leave?"

I made the promise, and forgot that there was anything extraordinary in his exacting the promise, or in the alarm he evinced when I gave him my name.

That I might better mature my plans, and furnish myself with an additional hold on his friendship, I related many circumstances of my past life, and made confidential disclosures, with a hope that he might be induced to repose a like confidence in me. Nothing so warms the heart of youth as a free and unreserved interchange of sentiments and opinions. The heart speaking at the lips makes for its possessor two warm friends, where the cold, rigid measurer of words and phrases but awakens your admiration of his prudence and caution. Cold-blooded, unconfiding men, seldom

make warm friends. My honestly-purposed stratagem succeeded. My new acquaintance became very communicative, and related, among other things, the story of his attachment to Miss Shadwell. There was little romance in it—it was this.

About a week before my arrival at Kingston, he saw Margaretta Shadwell at the Protestant church, and became deeply smitten with her charms. His inquiries about her being satisfactory, he obtained an introduction to her father. At first he was received with some cordiality, but he now recollected that when he mentioned his name, (what name?) a ferocious scowl crossed his face, and his eye sparkled with malicious excitement. Having stated his birth, connexions, and prospects, and given references of his character, he solicited permission to pay his addresses to Miss Margaretta Shadwell. The Major requested time to consider of the proposal.

The next day he received a letter from Major Shadwell fraught with much bitterness, forbidding him his house, or to see his daughter at home or abroad. The same evening a note was brought

him from Miss Shadwell, saying, that the wishes of the father were not those of the daughter. The note was worded with the most scrupulous attention to feminine reserve, and sufficiently apologetic of the bold act of making an appointment with a stranger. He was requested to be in a certain part of the orangery—a numbered alcove in the centre alley, the next night, at nine precisely.

At the appointed time he repaired thither, and found a lady—as he supposed her he had seen at church, but, in reality, “Fair Portia’s counterfeit.” The father, it would seem, had made the vile Orina acquainted with Danvers’ proposal for her sister. Partly at his instance, and partly to wreak her own malice on the unoffending, inoffensive Margaretta, she undertook to personate her, trusting for success to the wonderful resemblance before spoken of. A wish to aid her father in his schemes of revenge, not less than hatred of her sister, and her propensity to criminal amour, first induced her to engage in this intrigue. But, upon becoming acquainted with him who was to be the sacrifice, another passion took possession of her

bosom. She conceived a deep affection, if so worthless a creature was capable of feeling affection, for the gallant officer, as her confession in the dialogue with her father, when nothing could have been gained by falsehood, sufficiently attests. The interview to which I was a witness was the third which had taken place between Danvers and Orina.

The result of my conversation with Mapletoft was the announcement by him of his determination to forego the further acquaintance of Orina. I, on my part, engaged to procure him an interview with Margaretta as soon as possible. It was a difficult thing to fulfil this engagement. I knew no individual under Major Shadwell's roof, and, in consequence of the intrigue projected and in execution, it was probable the hoary-headed intriguer would watch his doors, and forbid the entrance of every person not in the secret.

Determined, however, to do my utmost to arrest the plot before its object should be sacrificed, I repaired, in the dusk of the evening, to the Shadwell-orangery. The gate leading from the outer to the inner garden was closed and fastened, but

such fences as they have in those islands could oppose but a slight impediment to a New Englander, who recollected the thorn-hedged apple-orchards he had assisted to plunder when a boy. I had but to use a little more than the ordinary exertion of getting over a common fence, and I stood within the orangery, and again drank in its balmy and reviving odours. I continued walking in these alleys and amongst the shrubbery until near midnight, but saw nobody. At a very late hour I communicated to my new friend the ill success of my first attempt to procure him an interview with his charmer. To allay his disappointment I promised to return in the morning to the orangery, and to continue my visits to it day and night, and, at all risks, till I had succeeded in my object.

As soon as it was light I went to the garden, with which I had now become pretty well acquainted. In the West-India islands, where orange-trees spring up spontaneously, thrive without cultivation, and bear immensely, little attention is paid to fruit, and he who gathers it without leave first asked is deemed scarcely deserving a

reprimand—in the way of gift: “fill your cart” is oftener heard than “fill your pocket.” I found neither locks nor bolts to the outer gate, and I entered by the mere lifting of a latch. It was about sunrise; but, in those islands in the spring of the year, and throughout the rainy season, a misty exhalation arises from the earth almost as dense as the fog of a May morning in New England, or of a winter mid-day in London. It sometimes remains till the sun has nearly attained its meridian. These exhalations are most inimical to human life, and are, doubtless, the cause of those dreadful epidemics whence ensues the continual drain of population in that climate, to replenish which our own healthful regions are or were, for emigration thither is now stayed, made to contribute. Upon this morning the atmosphere was more than usually damp and heavy—the orange and lime trees were laden with large drops of dew, and the heads of the grasses upon the sides of the alleys were bowed down with the chrystals lent them by the “shame-faced Aurora.” So many and ponderous were these drops that the least motion of one of the birds flitting about the shades, if it

produced a contact with a bough, brought down a shower like that of a summer cloud. All was hushed as death in the garden and vicinity of the mansion—nothing gave evidence that its inmates had risen from their slumbers. It has been said that they are early risers in those islands, but I saw nothing of such a practice whilst I was there. The knowledge that it is attended, in the sickly season, with great danger, begets a habit which keeps them in bed till a very late hour; at other times, and, during the season, when cloudless skies, healthful winds, and a serene air, should banish repose and induce systematic exercise.

I had been wandering in the mazes of this garden at least an hour, when I heard the tread of a light foot coming up one of the narrow pathways, and soon a female glided into the open space where I stood. She did not appear to be terrified, but was certainly much startled, and, apparently, not a little perplexed, at finding a stranger in the garden at so early an hour. She was Orina's self, yet not Orina, equally as tall and quite as beautifully formed. I should have thought them

capable, from personal resemblance, of enacting all the mistakes of the two wonderful twins of Ephesus.

To say that the eyes of this beautiful girl shone with the lustre of the diamond would be quite too romantic a phrase for me to use, but, indeed, I know of nothing else to which I can compare them. A pure complexion, pale indeed—for the rosy cheek belongs not to the low latitudes, it is a property indigenous and exclusive to the realms of cold, a charm that cannot be transplanted to the land of the sun, nor engrafted upon the lily of its daughters,—a chin and neck which only a Grecian statuary could have equalled, teeth only less beautiful than the lips which parted to display them, and hair—let them talk of “auburn ringlets” and all that sort of thing, give me locks black and shining as the feathers of a raven,—and such were those of the beautiful West Indian who stood before me. I remarked the hand, too, for who can be so little susceptible to beauty and deficient in taste, as not to pay especial homage to that limb which, better than any other, shows the “lady born,” and

which is an indispensable credential to her who would pass for a "lady bred?" The foot, too,—shall I say more? is it necessary to say more? than that it was small, and, upon this occasion, without a—stocking. A little purple velvet slipper, tied upon the instep with a green ribbon, was all that shielded this delicate member from the kisses of the zephyrs. Excessive humility was never my fault, but it is certain that, upon this occasion, I felt a strong wish to be trodden upon.

Her dress was a robe of white dimity, with long loose sleeves, a blue crape handkerchief was tied loosely around her neck, over which floated her long hair nearly to her waist. All this was very simple, but it set off her beautiful form far better than the gayest silks of Padua and Lyons could have done.

It was not an easy matter to break the ice of ceremony with the beautiful apparition, and I stood silent for a minute at least. At length I said, inquiringly, and using an ellipsis,—

"Miss Shadwell?"

She nodded assent.

"Miss Orina Shadwell?"

"No; Margaretta." Her manner, which before had been easy and polite, became, at once, grave and stately—probably from a suspicion that I was one of the loose devotees of her profligate sister. I saw into her feelings and hastened to remove them.

"It is with yourself, madam, that I wish to speak. Having come hither purposely to see and converse with Miss Margaretta Shadwell, it was of consequence that I should know I was speaking to her and not to her sister, and that is the reason why I have been so particular in my questions."

She again assured me there was no mistake—she was Margaretta Shadwell.

Mine was not an easy commission to execute. A man may much easier make love for himself than his friend, and with far better grace propose a second interview, himself as principal, than when he acts as agent for another. Some little time was necessary to enable me to recal my straggling thoughts, and to reassure the lady, for her cheek glowed intensely, and so I began another subject. I remarked that "to see a lady abroad

at so early an hour reminded me of my own dear country, and its maidens."

" You are not of this island, then, sir? perhaps of England or Scotland,—no, not Scotland, you do not speak with the Scotch accent?" The slight blush which, at the moment, crossed her cheek, together with the graceful manner in which the little hand was employed to throw back her hair, rendered her so beautiful that really I had not the power to answer her question, but kept gazing at her much longer than propriety warranted. My rude inquisition came near meeting a deserved punishment: she rose from the bench upon which she had thrown herself, and was going to retire, when I faltered out an apology, which was accepted, probably because she would hear my reasons for intruding myself upon her at that unseasonable hour. She had, I suppose, a little of the curiosity which belongs in so *slight* a degree to her sex as to make neither bolts nor bars impediments to the acquisition of that knowledge which it boots them to learn.

" I am neither of this island nor of Europe,

madam ; I am from the adjacent continent. I am an American."

" I thought, sir, you could not be of the islands. Your features are not those of an inhabitant of the low latitudes."

" If you had seen me six months ago, madam, you would have had a much better specimen of the hale, hearty, bluff countenance which belongs to the sons of New England."

My fair auditor asked eagerly what had caused the change to which I alluded, and I told her, in as few words as possible, the particulars of my shipwreck. Her eyes filled with tears at the narrative of my sufferings, and at my account of the death of my three brothers, which much increased the power of her charms. I believe my tale of sorrow and misery made a strong impression, for her manner immediately became more kind, and her voice assumed a tone of deep compassion. Had not my heart—as I thought—been guarded against the power of beauty, by the recollection of my engagement to another, I should have found some difficulty in resisting the charms

of Margaretta Shadwell. But I still loved Mary, and, though I loved without hope, I was firm as a martyr in the belief that nothing could place my faith in danger. I regarded the fair creature before me as one whom I should be glad to see the wife of a brother or a friend, and with no other sensation. Yet I believe I looked rather too long and fixedly upon her, and with an attention which might easily, and by more experienced maidens, have been interpreted into one of kindling love. I have no doubt that she believed me smitten with her charms, a belief which much improved them and vastly increased their power to accelerate the event; for, when there was a noise in a neighbouring walk, and I rose to go, her eye bestowed no equivocal reproach on the intruder, and a deep shade of disappointment crossed her face.

Hitherto our conversation had been concerning my recent afflicting loss and other topics, foreign to the object of my visit. The noise approached, and I was compelled to take an abrupt leave. I requested that she would be in the same place that evening, at nine. I cannot dissemble that her look

indicated nothing like anger at my boldness. Human nature, how frail and feeble thou art ! Man's heart, how false and treacherous ! I saw these emotions with joy, and felt my bosom thrill at the apparent pleasure which lighted up her eye. I forgot my employer, my proffered agency, my sworn faith, my honour, and every thing that should nerve a man in the hour of trial, and pressed her hand to my lips with as much fervency as a lady could wish.

The moment I had left her, I reproached myself—bitterly reproached myself, with my conduct. I had abundant reason for self-condemnation. What business had I to kiss her hand. True it was given me, but not for that purpose—ladies never bestow them for that intent ! Nor had I said “ I love you,” nor had I said “ meet *me* in the garden to night,” but had I not left her to infer both ? Bitterly did I regret my conduct, and bitterly was I punished for it.

Notwithstanding my breach of trust and want of faith, I repaired immediately to Mapletoft and acquainted him with the issue of my adventure.

The communication, instead of making him superlatively happy, made him superlatively miserable. His captain had requested his attendance on special business at the same hour I had fixed for his interview with Miss Shadwell, and the request of the commander of a ship of war, however civil and complaisant the language in which it is conceived, is as peremptory on all his subordinates as the mandate of the Grand Turk to the slaves of the seraglio. There was no way by which he could evade his appointment with his captain, who, being advanced in years, and never having felt the stirrings of the gentle passion, had little sympathy with people afflicted with that disease. He would instantly have turned off his best officer had he known of his having been wanting in his duty to his king from love, however deserving of homage its object. Mapletoft entreated me to attend again and woo the maid as his proxy. Recollecting the adventure of the morning, and my half criminal neglect to explain myself to the lady, I begged to be excused from this invidious duty. I tried to awaken his jealousy by declaring that I was more than half

in love with the lady myself. I painted, in gay language, the dangers to which we were mutually exposed, he of losing his adored, I of winning one I could not woo to myself without wronging him, nor wed without a breach of faith to another. All would not do—go I must. He insisted upon my being armed, so I took his *couteau chasse*.

CHAPTER VI.

BEHOLD me then in the Shadwell-gardens—the time nine at night. I could not complain of the lady's want of punctuality—she was walking at the moment of my arrival in the open space which had been the scene of our former interview. She held out her hand to me, and then, half from consciousness, and half in compliance with the dictates of natural modesty, withdrew it hastily. I led her to an adjoining alcove, which, as before, was lighted by a small lamp. As I took a seat by her, her manner appeared more contented and happy than I could have wished it, and more satisfaction lighted up her beautiful face than was consistent with the hopes of my friend.

Having first carefully examined the walks and

groves to be certain that no person was lurking around, I ventured to speak of the subject which had brought me to her presence.

“ I have taken the liberty to request this interview,” said I, “ that I may whisper in your ears, madam, the fond wishes of one who loves you—one who charmed by your person, and believing that the virtues of your mind and heart are equal to your external gifts, ventures to offer himself for your hand.”

My next sentence would have named the individual whose feelings prompted him to this declaration; but a momentary pause on my part, not actually made with a view to leave her in doubt as to the application of the speech, but the effect of my honest regret to remark the unconcealed pleasure with which she listened, obliged her to say something in reply to what she could but suppose was a declaration in “ the first person singular number and nominative case”—to run down the metaphor, with a view to introduce the “ *possessive*.” I would have prevented her replying, for I could more than half imagine the character of her answer

from the soft expression of an eye looking love from under its long silken lashes, and the momentary resting of her head upon my shoulder, but, in sober truth, I had not the power. I am sure the devil was in me just at that moment. But there came over me such an unaccountable wish to know what she—thought of me, and to hear what she would say, and how a “yes” would sound from such beautiful lips, that I found the temptation greater than I could resist, and remained silent.

“I do not know, sir, what I ought to say,” she exclaimed, with deep emotion. “We are strangers to each other, this morning having been, I presume, the first time you ever saw her for whom you now profess regard. Perhaps I ought not to hear you—perhaps I ought to fly your presence, as the bird would fly from the fowler.”

I answered, and, unhappily, with as much and as unintentional ambiguity as before, “that I was little known, but that that little, I must be pardoned for saying, placed me above suspicion of *dishonourable dealing* with any one!”

"My heart tells me as much; yet certain I am that I ought to know more about you ere I listen to your—fine sayings."

She gave me a sweet smile and a look which told how highly she valued these same sayings: the manner of the reproof was equal to an acknowledgement of the tenderest affection. She resumed her speech.

"And I would know more of you, if I had a friend on earth whose counsel or assistance I could command. My father—alas! I have no father; he who should be such values me less—loves me less—than the most worthless slave on his plantation. I must depend upon—your honour. Your professions of attachment are—very gratifying, sir;" and she cast her eyes to the earth in a vain attempt to hide her glowing cheeks.

How liable to err is the human heart! At this moment I loved Mary Danvers with true affection, and would not have exchanged her for an empress. Yet I suffered myself to hear, with pleasure, the acknowledgement of this guileless creature, that I had won her heart. Let no youth of twenty-one hereafter court opportunities to fathom the depth

of his affection for his mistress, or test his capability to resist female charms, or prove his heroism in matters of love. To use the language of a monastic author, "flesh and blood, when they belong to youth and health, cannot bear the contact of beauty robed in the smiles of love." When I heard the confession of this beautiful creature, that I was not indifferent to her, I could not forbear—could not have forborne—had worlds been offered me, holding her to my breast, and imprinting a kiss upon her cheek.

Dear as this salute was to me, in the sense attached to the word in the vocabulary of love, it came nearer in its effects to the meaning of the same word as used in common parlance to express price and value. I have no doubt that I should have recovered from my delirium, and made the next minute one of bitter apology and explanation, if I had not suddenly found the sharp point of a sword at my breast, and been called upon, by an angry voice, to "defend myself or die."

A man possessed of common courage, when thus situated, usually thinks of something else than apologies, or does not care to tender one till he

has proved the temper of his blade. My *couteau* *chasse* was out of the scabbard in an instant. I had put by the pass made by Mapletoft, for it was no other than he, and was preparing to close with him, with the view to possess myself of his sword, when the lovely girl, who was unwittingly the cause of the strife, rushed between us, as little daunted by the sight of our naked swords as the Maid of Arc would have been, or the Roman Aria, when she gave her feeble husband the celebrated lesson of fortitude.

“ Alas ! I know not why these swords should be drawn—not upon my account surely,” said she, turning her eyes imploringly upon me, and giving way to a deep passion of tears—“ You, sir, (addressing Danvers,) I never saw till now, and but once before the gentleman whom you have found in my company. If you quarrel, from an old grudge, surely you should have chosen another and a more fitting time to settle it ; if I am the unhappy cause, and I know not how I can be, tell me in what way I have become so, and leave to me the arbitration of the dispute.”

“ You shall hear the story, madam—it concerns

you to hear it," answered the angry sailor. "I saw you, madam, first at church—afterwards walking, and dared to love you. I obtained an interview with your father, solicited his permission to pay my addresses to you, and was refused. Not discouraged, and with the perseverance which belongs to my profession and country, I determined to have an answer from your own lips before I used any endeavours to dislodge your image from my bosom. While watching in this garden, with the hope of seeing you, I met a lady—your half sister—I have since learned, and being imposed upon by her striking resemblance to you, and by her artful personation of your character, I made love to her, supposing it yourself. Neither of us knew, at the time, that there was a witness to our interview, (he cast on me a bitter look,) but there was—this trusty gentleman, the same who overheard, as he says, a conversation between your father and sister, which revealed the deception to be practised upon me."

"And how can your mistake implicate him or me?" asked the lady.

"You shall hear, madam; he came to me as

a friend, he told a specious story, he gained my confidence, and, at his own request, was commissioned to procure me an opportunity to declare my passion to the real, not the counterfeit object of my regard. Well, madam, I break through all impediments, even place my honour at risk, to be here; I fly upon the wings of the wind, to throw myself at your feet, and, when I arrive, I find my supposed friend, damnation be his portion! pressing to his bosom the object of my fondest love—the villain!”

“ Stay, sir—I insist, entreat—nay, I command you not to renew the broil,” for I had sprung upon my feet with the rapidity of lightning, at the epithet “ villain.” “ A few words of explanation from me may make you friends again, though it may render me miserable. It is possible,” she continued, tears streaming from her eyes, “ that I have altogether misunderstood your friend. I now recollect that there was ambiguity in his mode of speaking—he never spoke in the first person. Yet I thought he asked me for himself.”

Her tears flowed so fast, and her grief became so excessive, as almost to deprive her of utterance,

If Mapletoft had been less abusive, and the lady less affected, I should have explained at once, and set all right. But I was not well pleased with the epithet "villain," nor with the "damnation" invoked on my head. Besides, he kept his hand upon his sword in a very menacing manner, and I had too much spirit to endure an insolent gesture. Passion led me astray, and my determination was made up in a moment. Giving him a contemptuous look, I knelt at the feet of the lady, and taking her hand in mine, said firmly, "It is for myself I ask you, lady!"

With a face black as night, but without a word of reply or comment, my opponent sheathed his sword, and turning down the alley, was presently out of sight.

Though we had both shown abundance of passion, neither had made much noise.

I reseated my beautiful companion, and placed myself at her side. My feelings, at the moment, cannot be described,—they were like the waves in a narrow sound, where the wind and tide are striving for mastery, troubled—confused—tumul-

tuous. I had wooed Margaretta Shadwell without a thought or intention, at first, of doing so, and now that I had done so, the recollection of my engagement to Mary Danvers returned with full force to my mind, and she stood before my eyes, beautiful and affectionate, as in the day of our fondest intercourse. I had placed myself in a situation which must end in falsehood to her, or to the not less lovely and innocent girl at my side. I asked myself how I was to be extricated from the dilemma into which my evil stars (upon whom, as usual, I threw all the blame) had hurried me. Since there must be falsehood to one or the other of these fair creatures, to which should I be false. Since my future years must be embittered, by the consciousness of wrong done to a confiding woman, how should I conduct myself to render the burthen of regret endurable. Circumstanced as I was, it seemed to me that I owed the lesser allegiance to Mary. We had loved, but parted—the peremptory commands of her father had parted us, and, perhaps, before this time, another not less imperative fiat had consigned her to the arms of the affianced suitor. No doubt would be entertained

by her that I had perished, for she had never been made aware of my rescue, and months would elapse before the mistake could be rectified. Was it not likely, nay, almost certain, that, wearied out by the solicitations or commands of her parents, and with the assurance that she should never see me more, she would yield herself, at length, to the arms of the husband selected by her father? The grief of youth—of a young girl for a lover is proverbially short-lived, and seldom fails to be effaced by a fortnight's attention of another assiduous suitor.

If I reasoned thus about Mary, *absent*, I congratulated myself that Margaretta, *present*, loved me. I could perceive it in the gentle burden her slightly recumbent form imposed on the arm which encircled her. I could read it in her eyes—her step, air, gesture, every thing revealed it. Hastily as these reflections and observations occurred they operated to make me address her with as much ardour as any lady, even of a southern latitude, could desire. And my declaration procured me as kind a return as a lover could wish, who admired modesty in females,

and liked not that ladies should be won with too much ease—nor yet with too much pain.

We agreed to meet next night at the same hour, but in a part of the garden less liable to interruption. I had not yet spoken of marriage, otherwise than in the reply to what she had said about the having misconceived my former speech. I did not do so now, it would take a longer time than I could spare; for I meant to explain myself to her fully—to keep back not one of the circumstances which usually influence ladies in their choice of husbands. Brought up, as Miss Shadwell had been, in affluence, and, doubtless, taught to attach a value to wealth commensurate with the estimation in which it is held in those islands where it bestows upon the inhabitants their principal enjoyments, leaving him who hath it not the merest cipher in existence, it seemed probable that a revelation of my poverty would lead to an instant change in the lady's sentiments and views. It had always been my opinion that women, in the choice of a husband, were as much governed by the "accursed love of gold" as the other sex are led to the adoption of the military profession by

its gay dress, and the *éclat* it gives them amongst the fair. I had not then been taught, by experience, that the female heart is susceptible of a passion which shall resist all changes, and survive all perils, be proof against misfortune, be tenderest in adversity, heed not the world's calumnies, nor love more when it praises than when it blames.

Contrary to my expectations, the next morning passed without a challenge from Mapletoft. The omission, on his part, to take the usual notice of the affront—call it, the injury, he had received, excited far more alarm than his call to the field would have done. I suspected foul play, but knew not in what shape, nor from whence it was to come, nor how to prepare for it. That my opponent was excessively enraged against me could not be doubted by any one who knew how much reason he had to be so. From his apparent temperament, and more from his profession, a challenge appeared inevitable. Soldiers are seldom so near right as to consider an affront unworthy of notice. What pity that his naturally manly and honourable mind should, by the persuasions of an abandoned woman, have been brought to prac-

tice an infamous retaliation, instead of proposing that alternative which at least has courage to recommend it. Yet, so it was ; a Briton could forget the land of his birth to adopt the practices of a Venetian bravo ; a sailor could leave his chivalrous profession to become accessory to a cold-blooded attempt at assassination. How true it is that, if a virtuous woman has the power to lead us a long way on the road to heaven, a wicked woman will drag us more surely, and much further, in the opposite direction.

Without fear of the assassin's dagger, I repaired to my appointment at the Shadwell-garden. Margaretta arrived a few minutes after. She was melancholy ; the traces of recent tears were on her cheeks, and she soon set out anew in a passionate fit of weeping. Upon inquiring " why she met her lover in tears ? " I learned that her sorrow was caused by her father's unceasing and increasing harshness, together with the rancorous and vindictive cruelty of her sister. They had nearly, she said, rendered life insupportable.

I told her my story with little periphrasis and with great truth. I told her that I was poor,

miserably poor ; and that though, to superficial observers, or to those who scanned my acquirements with a friendly feeling, I might seem to possess the education of a gentleman, it was not intrinsic and solid—I was the son of a humble fisherman, and had, until within one year, pursued the low occupation of my father, or had wrought in the fields as a day-labourer, for my support and the support of others. I disguised no event of my life, nothing that I ought to have told her, save one. It was a thought of the present moment, a changed resolution from the morning, to omit stating my engagement to Mary. There seemed to be no good reason why that engagement should be divulged. To declare to her that I had loved another, and if she chose to question me, or even to scrutinize my features, whilst I was stating the truth, to be obliged to make the verbal or silent confession that she was, even now, more in my thoughts than herself, would be to embitter the hours I was soon to swear I would strive to render happy, perhaps to infuse jealousies into her bosom, and sow the seeds of eternal, but unavailing, regret in my own. I was silent,

then, on this subject, and permitted nothing to escape my lips which intimated a previous and still existing attachment. Having confessed the damning sin of poverty, and that stain which can only be hidden by a thick overlay of gold, obscure birth, I waited to hear if she would grant me absolution for those perilous and seldom forgiven offences.

Her reply was such as gave my conscience a severe pang for the unjust suspicions I had entertained. It was delightfully confiding and candid. She would marry me, she said, just as soon now, and with my disclaimer of wealth and birth warm from my lips, as if I were the son of a lord, and possessed of millions. Her ardent love of truth led her to explain, and I did not like her the less for it. She was not one of those, she said, who affected to despise wealth and to be in love with poverty. Money had its uses and value; a certain quantity of it was indispensably necessary to the purposes of life—to pay the King's taxes and the baker's bills, (she smiled,) to provide us with apparel, to succour the distressed, aid our friends, and baffle our foes. And the being well born was

a kind of bond for our good behaviour—liable, indeed, to prove not worth a penny ; but still, as the lawyers said—no one who lived in the West Indies would long remain ignorant of the language of the law, but still a “ collateral security” for good behaviour. But she meant to say that she would be mine, poor and lowly born as I professed myself to be, in preference to one having the genealogical roll of the St. Maurs and possessed of millions. She had seen, in her own family, that wealth did not, of itself, confer happiness. “ I know nothing of your character,” said she, in conclusion, “ but must, as my sex are often compelled to do, take you, with the hope that you are a true man.”

It was arranged that our marriage should take place on the evening of the third day thereafter. There was a Scotch lady, living in one of the suburbs, who had been her friend and counsellor in all her troubles, and was now her confidant : the ceremony was to take place at her house. I mentioned my wish to go to America immediately upon our marriage, which seemed to give her great pleasure. There was nothing, she said, to bind

her to the island of her birth, but, rather, much she would fly from. I painted the sheltered vales and cultivated plains of my native land; its healthful climate; the, in some respects, singular, but, in all, simple, moral, and unostentatious manners of my countrymen, and the peace and quiet of the rural abodes which were found embosomed amidst our breezy hills. My sketch received its commendation in her eloquent smile and tear.

I was not before aware of her possessing any property in her own right; unwittingly, I was about to marry an heiress. She had been, she informed me, the favourite of a French widow lady; who, at her decease, a few months previous, left her a small property, consisting of two hundred acres of land, and twenty negroes, in St. Mary's parish, and of some small houses in Port Royal. As lands and negroes were then selling, we might hope to realize at least three thousand pounds for the whole. The possession of this sum, in the country to which we were about to transport ourselves, constitutes, not comparative wealth, it is exuberant riches. Invest this sum with discre-

tion, and you will not know what to do with your income.

Our conversation, and the maturing such of our plans for our future life, as might be canvassed with delicacy, had taken up at least two hours, and I rose to go. "On Thursday evening, then, dearest," said I, after I had given and received the parting kiss, "we meet at Mrs. M'Haggis's; I shall then receive my sweet Margaretta to my arms as my bride; and, before a month shall have passed, we will be ploughing the ocean to a land of contentment and happiness."

"Then must a Briton have forgotten his injuries; then will a Creole have consented to forego her revenge. The former may happen; the latter never!"

As I turned to see from whence and whom these threatening sounds proceeded, I caught a glimpse of a person in the shrubbery, not four feet from me, enveloped in a black cloak: at the same moment I felt myself stabbed in the breast, in several places. The last thing I recollected, before my senses forsook me, was the agony of Margaretta.

I had a vision of a pair of beautiful arms thrown around my neck, warm tears falling, like rain drops, on my cheek, two hands endeavouring to clasp mine, but unable, from disparity of size, to do it, further than a hazle-leaf may hide a cocoa-nut; and, finally, of her lips pressed to mine—and then it was, I thought, a good time to die.

But I did not die. When I came to my senses, I was lying upon a couch, in a small room darkened, by having curtains, of the coarse stuff called “osnaburg,” fastened before the apertures cut for windows. In the West-India islands, few of the country-houses have glazed windows—shutters of sawed board, in cold and very wet weather, and curtains of some light material, in dry, supplying their place. Closed rooms could not be endured thirty days in the year; and it is not the fashion, nor considered necessary, to have windows for mere show. There was a mulatto woman sitting at the foot of the bed; and, at its head, an elderly woman, whose plain apparel proclaimed her nurse and domestic. At a table, under the window, stood a surgeon, busy in preparing the dressings. No Margareta was to be seen. I attempted to

speaking, but my weakness was excessive; and this, together with the command of the surgeon, conveyed to me through the attendant, that I should remain in perfect silence, kept me from asking many questions which presented themselves to my mind. The surgeon examined my wounds and gave his opinion that none of them were mortal. Having applied the dressings and secured the bandages he departed, with the direction that I should be left to repose, and on no account should be permitted to exhaust myself with conversation. Soon after I fell into a sweet and tranquil slumber, which continued I know not how long, and refreshed me beyond measure. When I opened my eyes, the sun was shining into my apartment through a rent in the curtain. Soon I heard a light foot on the floor, and Margaretta, beaming love from her eyes, approached, on tiptoe, and bent over me, to see if I slept. I counterfeited that state of "life in death," with the hope of getting a kiss, but I was disappointed; and finding that female delicacy was likely to triumph over opportunity, that the favour granted the lover awake was to be denied the lover asleep, I saw

fit to open my eyes, and be called "a cheat," though in a tone and with a look which were almost equivalent to a kiss. I cannot conceive that any human being could look more beautiful and interesting than she did. It was quite like a of a month ; need I say more ? She was still attired in white ; but this was a morning robe, loose and flowing, not like that she had once worn, a dress confining her limbs from their light and graceful play. She wore a morning cap, set out with pink ribbons—love's own colour !—what so thrilling to a lover as the soft confession they imply ? and when associated with blue, the token of constancy, what so appropriate to a marriage union ? The waist-ribbon was of this latter colour, and she had playfully twined with it a sprig of green (desertion.)

I am a great admirer of dress in females, and am thought, withal, to possess some little taste in the selection of it. I was never so simple as to subscribe to the maxim that " beauty when unadorned is adorned the most." It is all humbug ; I do not believe a word of it. There never yet was any lady so beautiful, but that tasteful dressing improved her charms. There

never yet was a conquest made by beauty in rags, or retained by a woman who, from a belle, grew to be a slattern. That the passion for dress is a natural passion is proved by the pride which the child takes in its little finery, its parti-coloured frock and red slippers, in the unequivocal, unrepressed delight, which the savage exhibits when he finds himself in an officer's red coat, and the admiration of his fellows. And seeing that it is a natural passion, that indulgence in it is seldom productive of positive vice, that care to keep out of low company, and many other valuable qualities, are almost always associated with it, I have come to believe that *sumptuary laws*, aimed at negligence and *bad taste* in dress, would be far more beneficial to the community than those which should be directed against excess and prodigality of expenditure in the use of clothing.

The opinion of the surgeon was reported to my affianced wife, and this, of course, drew forth the liveliest manifestations of pleasure. Weak as I was, I made a movement to obtain her hand, and was going to thank her for the tears she was shedding so profusely, when she was wicked enough to remember an injunction which I had

forgotten, and placed her disengaged hand upon my lips, either in imposition of silence or to have it kissed ; the little offender met the punishment it deserved.

Matters went on thus for two or three days, during which she was in constant attendance upon me, remaining in my apartment at least fourteen hours every day, and brought to my bedside by the slightest noise or call during the other ten. When I was sleeping she sat by watching my slumbers and fanning me into a continuance of repose ; when I was awake she sung or played to me on the guitar. On the third day the surgeon removed the injunction laid on the use of my tongue, and permitted me to be loquacious to the top of my natural bent. I was still so weak, however, that my tongue was the only member I could use with any tolerable effect. Margaretta was fond of talking, as ladies, especially Creole ladies, usually are, and then, when she opened her mouth, she displayed such pearls of teeth, and emancipated so many pearls of good sense, that I was happy, at any time, to shut mine, provided she would " talk to me ! talk ! " When the conversation

took the form of a dialogue, the subject was the most interesting in the world to youthful ears—matrimony, both in respect of the ceremony which unites two hands and of the implied sentiment which unites two hearts. We asked each other what would be the feelings which would severally possess our bosoms five years hence. Whether sour looks and ill humour were to sit with us at the breakfast-table, and neglect and estrangement be admitted guests to the supper. I have seldom known a pair of youthful lovers who supposed it possible that time could abate their passion. Like a tar just paid off and put on shore, they fancy there can be no end to the treasure.

I am aware that I am outraging every rule of clap-trap in betraying a sentiment very much like love for Margaretta Shadwell, and finding something similar to happiness in her society after disappointment in a first passion. “It was not so in the days of the Belmours and Doricourts,” exclaims one. “Then, when a man admitted the passion of love to his bosom, if its object refused him, he seldom survived the shock ; if he did, it was to descend to the grave in a state of single

blessedness, constant to the last hour, loving on through all changes, and loving till he died—breathing her name at the moment of dissolution, at the age of ninety-six, and having it inscribed upon his tomb, ‘the lover of one woman.’

Let the man of common sense, and it is for that class I write, reflect upon the circumstances under which I had parted from Mary, and his censure will not be heavy. I had been told by her father that I could not marry his daughter, and such was my pride, that I never would have married her without his consent. She had left the land of her and my birth to meet her affianced husband, in an island five thousand miles distant—barring accidents of wind and water, which were as likely to strike at her life as his; they were, in all human probability, married ere this. There was not one chance in a thousand of my ever seeing her again in this world. Here was a virtuous and accomplished girl who loved me fervently, and bade fair to make my home as happy as herself was beautiful. Was it strange that I tried to forget the absent? Was it strange that I tried to return the love of the present? And was it strange that one whose

greatest strength was resolution, who had conquered idleness and overcome obstacles by energy and perseverance, should, *in some degree*, gain the mastery over a hopeless passion?

Mary was still present to my eyes, but not so often as before I became acquainted with her who, if she had not already supplanted my first choice, was in a fair way of doing so. Had both been present, and I disengaged from my vows to each, with permission to choose anew, and feeling sure that in that choice I should outrage no principle of honour, nor inflict unhappiness on the one I passed by, I should have taken Mary pennyless, in preference to Margaretta with millions. Having, I hope, made my peace with the especial patrons of the Belmours and Doricourts, I return to Margaretta and second love.

“But do you know where you are?” asked she.

I was compelled to answer that I had not the faintest idea.

“Amongst the Liguanean mountains, ten miles from town. When I found there were assassins abroad, my anxiety for your safety suggested

your immediate removal to some secret and lonely place, beyond the reach of my bad sister's malice and revenge."

"Apropos to the subject: Margaretta, have you any suspicion who gave me the wounds?"

"It was a person of a low stature, enveloped in a cloak." (This I remembered.)

"And how did you accomplish my removal?"

"On a litter, borne by two of Mrs. M'Haggis's slaves. We expected interruption, and, no doubt, should have met with it—indeed, all the time we were employed in fixing you on the litter, we saw shapes flitting about the shrubbery, but there came to us a negro, whose stature, limbs, and apparent prowess, so far exceeded those of any person I ever saw before, that his presence filled even those he came to aid with consternation; what must it have done those he was prepared to oppose? The shapes became more restless after his appearance, and vanished altogether when he commenced a search for them."

"You have awakened strong curiosity to know who this potent friend is."

“ One who, I am quite sure, is at this moment watching over our safety in the thicket near us.”

“ What induces you to think so ?”

“ Last night the same mighty being, whom one is ready to fancy the Genius of Night and Terror, entered this very apartment, approached your couch with a stealthy foot, listened to your breathing, and having satisfied himself that it was regular and peaceful, retired as he came. With a curiosity which could hardly fail to be excited in any one by the appearance of this singular sentinel, I kept watch last night, and saw his mysterious, but, I am sure, friendly scrutiny, renewed.”

“ Does he seem aged ?”

“ Forty years—perhaps two or three more. The tattooing upon his breast and neck, while it proclaims him African born, proclaims, also, that he was a warrior and a chief in his native land.”

“ I will lie awake myself to-night, and take the measure, as a tailor would say, of this strange being.”

“ It will exhaust you too much. But I have forgotten that you are too weak to hold long conversations. The surgeon was peremptory that you

should not be allowed more than ten minutes at a time. Now, as we shall be sure to talk if we are together, I will run out, and you shall go to sleep. Come, come, let go my hand: that's a good boy."

"Margaretta!"

"Mr. Haverhill!"

"Miss Shadwell!"

"Lynn!"

"That will do; you shall go, Margaretta, upon one condition."

"And what is that, thou refractory patient?"

"Permission to place one kiss on that velvet cheek."

"Oh, my heart! there is no doing any thing with sick children—they will ask for such odd things. If you give them to them they only make them sicker, and if you refuse them they will cry. If you were in health——"

"What then, Margaretta?"

"Why, then, positively, you should not have the kiss." She said this with the gravity of a judge.

"As I am very ill——"

" You must have it, I suppose (pouting); but, remember that from this time henceforth I'll have no more such doings."

" Sure?"

" Quite sure!"

" Certain?"

" Quite certain!"

" Margaretta!"

" Sir!"

" That kiss was so sweet that—seeing I am ill, very ill, and though pronounced convalescent, may very likely suffer a relapse, and never recover from it, that—you must, dearest, grant me one more."

" Well now, I declare, I had rather be governess to the nine little children that followed John Rogers to the stake at Smithfield than to one impudent gentleman, especially if he is a wounded soldier. Children may cry for sweetmeats."

" Precisely my case, my bee——crying, am I, for *sweet-meat*."

" But you can box their ears, and make them lie still." (A smile.)

" I think I could bear the same infliction from

that hand—I am sure I could, for, do its best, it could not fall heavy enough to make itself felt.”

“ I see there is but one way to prevent your talking yourself to death. I shall be a martyr to charity ; there—there—take it,” and she flew out of the room, shaking her fist at me in affected disdain and anger.

CHAPTER VII.

THE certainty that you have some one who moves in mystery, watching over you,—a being gifted with fearful powers and passions, and whose intentions, hitherto apparently friendly, may yet be changed to evil, and who may be taking the same generous care of you that the South-Sea cannibals take of their prisoners, whom they fatten up for their table, is not calculated to induce you to throw off all reliance upon your own guard and shut your eyes with “my better angel” on your lips. A wish to see, and, if consistent with my safety and that of Margaretta, to know who this mysterious individual might be, kept me awake and attentive to every noise till it was considerably past midnight. It was probably two o’clock when I surrendered myself to the influence

of "the balm of hurt minds," sleep, "innocent sleep."

I was startled from my slumber by a noise in the apartment, and, upon opening my eyes, could plainly distinguish, dark as it was rendered by the thick curtains at the window-spaces, three persons, moving with a step intended to be noiseless, but deprived of that quality by the creaking of the boards of which the floor was composed, which, yielding to the pressure of the foot and rebounding when it was removed, created the noise which had waked me.

How, the reader asks, did the intruders gain access unheard. My answer is, that, in the West Indies, bolts, locks, and bars are not in use as they are in other lands. Theft—of other things than food, or some little article of fancy—is uncommon; and, surrounded as each habitation is by gangs of household servants, a large portion of whom esteem their masters' interests their own, and, whatever they may do amongst themselves, will suffer no external thievery, it is not necessary, nor is it often practised, to put any kind of fastening on the door, save a latch or withe,

the former to be lifted, and the latter removed at the pleasure of the curious and prying.

By the oblique ray of light which the moon, in her altered position, threw in at the window, I saw one of the intruders enter the apartment occupied by Margareta. A second came to the side of my bed, and, having satisfied himself that I was asleep, or quiescent, followed his companion, as did the third. The one who came to my bedside was armed with a long Spanish knife, which glittered exceedingly, as such knives, when formed of good steel, much prized for their temper, and intended for fatal service, usually do. He carried, besides, a heavy bludgeon. That their aim was blood could hardly be doubted ;—that neither was the individual who had been, at one time, my protector, and, since, either a guard or spy, was equally certain. A comparison of their height, which was the common height, and their stout and athletic but by no means “ outsized ” or overgrown limbs with those of him who, according to accredited report, stood unequalled in respect of both bulk and stature, was enough to fix that matter beyond dispute.

To know ourselves and others in extreme peril, yet be incapable of moving hand or foot in our own liberation or to their rescue is a situation so near akin to the nightmare, that he who has felt the one, if he will but suppose its horrors increased tenfold, may have a tolerable idea of the other. I lay in momentary expectation of hearing the death-scream from my betrothed, and of finding a dagger in my own breast the minute after, and yet the legitimate subject of a winding sheet would have been as capable of exertion to prevent either catastrophe as I. For some minutes there was no noise, and I began to hope they had left the house, when, suddenly, screams of terror and affright proceeded from Margaretta's apartment, and, the next moment, she rushed into the room, pursued by the ruffians.

"Save me, save me, from death or worse!" she cried; but, alas, her prayer was directed to one who rather needed protection than was capable of affording it. I used intreaties; I offered; I besought, threatened, begged mercy,—not for myself, but her,—it was all in vain. Armed only with that weapon which the ancients supposed

would turn aside the raging lion—virgin purity, the contest must have been brief, when heaven interposed, and sent succour from the quarter from which our previous aid came and future hopes were derived. The assassins had, with more sagacity than usually belongs to Africans, fastened, upon the outside of the door, a withe sufficiently strong to have barred the entrance of a man of ordinary powers. But, in the heat of the struggle, and whilst her cries and my intreaties were filling the air, the door, hinges, withes, and all, was torn from its place by a single effort, and one rushed in to our rescue. The removal from the front of the house of so large a space as a door, especially a West-Indian door, occupies, admitted a strong and sudden light upon the scene, and yet not sufficiently strong to enable our saviour to discern who were friends and who were foes. But he knew with whom he had to deal,—the quick wit of one race, and the slow comprehension of the other.

“ You that are white,” said he, “ fall, like slaves ;—you that are black, stand up like men.”

The order was taken literally. The next mo-

ment he was sweeping his ponderous club, in a work of death, upon those who obeyed the latter admonition. It was not a minute before two of the ruffians were beaten to the earth; the third burst the curtain which filled the window space, leaped out, and escaped.

Recovering her senses, which had better stood the shock of impending horrors than the shock of joy at finding ourselves rescued, Margarett rose, and proceeded to the little shed or kitchen, in quest of the two domestics, who had remained silent through the whole affair. Their silence was easily accounted for; they had been bound and gagged before the ruffians entered the cabin. They were liberated, and the negro wench was ordered to bring a light. But here our mysterious protector interposed.

“ My face must not be seen,” said he, with a grandeur and dignity of tone and thought which could not be surpassed, and was new in the race to which he belonged. “ Neither to night, nor to morrow must one who wears the livery of the oppressors of my race look upon my brow when it is in mourning. I came in darkness; I will depart

in darkness. The star of my destiny is now low in the heavens, and veiled by thick clouds; when these have departed, and the orb culminates, you will see my face or hear my name."

"Who are we to thank for the lives you have this night saved?"

"One born to supreme rule, and now a loathed and loathsome slave—a leader of armies, reduced to wield a mattock—a wild horse champing a golden bit, transformed into a patient dromedary, that kneels to receive a master on its back and reckons nothing of a spur in its side. I have been a warrior and a king,—I am now a labourer and a slave. I, who am now obliged to sue for a crust to allay my hunger, and a rag to cover my nakedness, was once the dispenser of smiles that sent men to a happy pallet, and of gifts that made them envied and honoured throughout a realm. But the day is nigh when I will be again a king, and avenged, or the earth shall hide my degraded bones. I know that I am speaking to men of the race who have brought desolation on me and my house, and yet I have faith that the words which have burst out of my full heart, as the glorious

Niger overflows its banks in the season of autumnal rains, will be suffered to sink into the earth, and be heard of no more. I ask—demand silence, and I know it will be granted.

“Hear me:—night wanes, I have yet great labours before me, and must not waste time in prolix speech. Your retreat is discovered, and, thence it is that your lives were this night placed in jeopardy. Know there is one who has sworn your death as deeply as I have sworn to protect you, and whose riches and ready wit it were hard to baffle. Hitherto your friend has been more than a match for your foe; remain here till this same hour tomorrow, and deprived, by imperious necessity, which calls me elsewhere, of the aid which has hitherto been successfully exerted to save,—you are in the grasp of one whom neither tears nor prayers ever moved to mercy, who loves cruelty for its own sake, and deems the death-groan of one she hates the sweetest of all earthly sounds.”

“How are we to escape, when I am unable to move hand or foot?”

Turning to Margareta, he said, “Lady, you have a cabin amongst the mountains of St. Mary;

this wounded man must be carried thither; there both thou and I can watch over his safety—here I may not do so, and thy arm could but pillow his head in a dream of love. It is, thou hast seen, ineffectual in danger.”

“ You know me then ?” said she.

“ I do ; I know you both. Shall I call my men ?”

After a moment's consultation, we came to the conclusion that the advice of our mysterious friend ought to be followed. We acquainted him with our resolution, and he summoned his followers. The car, or rude palanquin, was again put in requisition, and borne by four stout blacks, Margaretta mounted her pony, and we set off in quest of a second and better hiding place. Our path lay for some distance amongst thick woods, and through wet and misty valleys. Not a word was spoken by any one of the party, save its leader, who, in an unknown tongue, gave, from time to time, as we supposed, directions to the bearers of the litter how to proceed.

Suddenly we came in the depth of the wilderness upon a group of negro cabins, amounting,

perhaps, to a dozen. It was scarcely day-break, yet, early as it was, their occupants were up, and employed in the usual duties of the morning department. It is the custom (growing out of hard labour, and ever the same where men are obliged to toil for their bread) of the negroes to retire to rest at an early hour in the evening—the task-master sees that they are called in the morning, otherwise they would sleep till doomsday. Here the vigilant eye of no thrifty menial was upon the sleepers, and yet they were on the alert before the birds that peopled the adjacent groves were at their morning hymns. We could not account for it, unless the drones had been transformed into ants, at the bidding of our all-powerful guide.

Our—call it a cavalcade—for two of us, at least, were mounted, our cavalcade stopped at the door of one of the cabins. One blast on a conch-shell, in seeming defiance of the secrecy our nocturnal adventure demanded, and two blows upon a rude kind of tabor, which they call a *dundo*, and which hung suspended from the interior roof, as night bells are hung at a physician's street

door, brought out the master of the cabin. Again the conversation was begun, and conducted in an unknown tongue; to my ear it seemed a dialect of that which had been used in our journey. In each and all our conductor spoke with equal grace and fluency. Hewasstill shrouded in a dark cloak, which, as the daylight grew stronger, he gathered still more closely around him. The gestures and attitudes of the negroes were expressive of the deepest awe and veneration—however kingly his former state and station might have been, it was impossible that even the “leader of armies, the “Barb of the Desert,” could have had more obsequious or idolatrous subjects than the tenants of these cabins.

“Here you will remain,” said he, approaching the litter, “till the return of night. The space between sun-set and sun-rise will be sufficient to carry you to your journey’s end—if you still remain of the mind to make that your resting place, which hath to recommend it seclusion and my promise of the protection your situation requires. These men will faithfully transport you to a place of safety. If you are in danger, and need my

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assistance, cause a conch-shell to be blown thrice upon the summit of a steep crag, which has a dark and frightful glen beneath it,—my people call it the ‘Glen of Obboney,’ one mile east of your dwelling. When the echo of the last call has died away, bid the ‘Barb of the Desert’ appear, and his presence will not be wanting. If gratitude have a place in your heart, say nothing of what you have seen and heard. Farewell, for a time, and may Accompong of the heavens bless and protect you.”

He spoke a few words to the negroes, doubtless in explanation of their duties, and was gone. We were removed into the interior of the cabin, and accommodated as well as the limited conveniences of the place would permit. My fatigues, during the night, had been great, but healing came on the wings of sleep, and I opened my eyes near mid-day, with stronger sensations of returning power and vigour than I had experienced since my wound. Apprehended consequences do not always ensue—the dews and mists, never healthful, and here particularly deleterious, had brought with them neither colds nor agues, stiff joints, nor

inflammations. I could have walked without help, though I forebore to do so. Hunger now paid us a visit, but the doors were thronged with domestic fowls, and a repast prepared by our negro girl, under the eye of her beautiful mistress, left us nothing to wish for in respect of food.

When it was dark, our journey was resumed, and pursued to a termination a little after midnight. There was a sweet blush, a bewitching consciousness upon the face of my bride elect, as we entered the house soon to become *mine* and *ours*. Has the reader ever remarked the air of pleased perplexity and repressed bustle which a young wife, all unused to the cares of house-keeping, and fraught with a full sense of the importance attached to her new relation, displays upon her return home from her first visit after she has commenced house-keeping? It does one good to see her. Look at her! what a dreadful fluster she is in! Like a landsman suddenly invested with the command of a ship under full sail, and a squall coming up, she exclaims, "something must be done," but it completely puzzles her to say what, and she wishes—"Mamma was there." She bids the chairs be

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dusted, and set "to rights," though not in the wrong; she sweeps her perfumed handkerchief, perhaps *the* identical scarf, along the polished rosewood as beautiful as herself, and as resplendent as her own happiness; she makes sure that neither of the *present* favourites, the lap-dog nor the kitten has disturbed the rounded symmetry of those prim prudes, the couches, and ottomans; and finishes her half-pleased, half-dissatisfied tour by inspecting the mirror where the fit of the bridal cap, with its six yards of pink ribbon is quite as much attended to as the plate which reflects her charms, or the gilding which surrounds it.

I love to visit young married people—I love, above all things, to dine with them during the first month of their house-keeping! Many is the time I have gone miles out of my way to be present at the mid-day meal in the house of a pair who were in the first month of matrimony, living seventy-two hours in every twenty-four, and having all the notes of life placed on the ledger lines *in alt*. I was once very mischievous—I am not so now, age is a sad soberer of frolic fancies,

a real Lord Angelo in judgement upon human frailties—I was once very mischievous, and liked, extremely, to have a joke. Then it was my delight to dine at a house where my hostess was a bride of some few weeks, to do a vast deal of bowing and scraping to her as mistress of the mansion, with a more than needed repetition of the words “Mrs.” and “your husband,” to ask her for a part of the dish which required nice carving, and to sue for other favours at table, which, to grant with grace, must have been taught by experience—to perpetrate these outrages upon the lady’s bashfulness, and nevertheless to matrimonial estate, delighted beyond measure. I would not, of course, have done these things at another than a family party, nor when strangers were present.

I have made these remarks as introductory to a description of the manner in which my bride elect performed the office of hostess. If a wife feels timidity at being placed in a situation which draws all eyes upon her, and, more loudly than any other, proclaims the connexion which invests her with the right to preside at the head of the table, what must a bashful young girl feel,

who receives her affianced husband under her roof in the utter absence of friends and relatives, to direct, countenance, [or assist her, and with only one domestic of her own colour? But Margareta's charming timidity—for the two or three earlier days of our residence at the "Mountain-house"—wore off gradually, and there came in the room of it that air of high-bred ease, and quiet self-possession, which distinguishes the lady, who, naturally graceful, and confident of her powers to please, adds to it experience in the modes and forms of polished life, and puts the bow and thankye, and the "wing or the breast?" in precisely the right place, and at that happy moment which is best described by the elegant phrase "nick of time."

The mountain air of Jamaica—indeed of all mountainous countries—acts powerfully on the human frame. I wonder not that "hillsmen" have ever been heroes, that liberty has been cradled and nursed in the fastnesses of mountains, furnishing models for emulation, and themes for bards and poets. Whether the unconquerable, untameable spirit which animates the mountaineer, proceeds

from the air of the region he occupies, or from the circumstances of his general poverty, which, by impelling him to labour and exercise, give him strength and activity, health and vigour, the courage to encounter danger, and the stamen to endure privation, I know not. But sure I am, that man's nature partakes of that which is the governing principle of his own immediate world. His mind can scarcely soar while he inhabits the Pontine Marshes; it will not sink or sicken amidst the Grampian Hills, or the mountains of Switzerland.

I have frequently asked myself what would be the nature and conduct of those who inhabit the Earth, if they were removed to the other planets. Would the short days of Jupiter make man more industrious and prudent? Would the winter night of Georgium Sidus, in duration more than forty of our years, induce him to husband his resources through his forty years of perpetual summer, and hence make him habitually more careful and provident? Would the rapid changes of seasons in Mercury, its spring—autumn—summer—winter, each but three weeks long, increase his variable-

ness, and augment his caprices. What would be his disposition if he dwelt in Venus—for years in succession, without a cloud to obscure the lustre of her resplendent, but moonless skies, and with mountains thirty miles high? or, in Jupiter, with its ever-perennial verdure; or, in Saturn, with its seven moons, and its wonderful ring, its specific gravity lighter than that of wood, whilst the specific gravity of the Earth is double that of granite?—Useless speculations, yet how sublime and beautiful!

Whereto tends this dissertation, demands the reader. Really I cannot tell; except that I set out to show the revivifying influence of mountains upon a weak or wounded frame, and find myself speculating upon the wondrous mechanism of the heavens.

I began to feel better immediately; and, upon the fourth day, alone and unaided, transported myself from my bed to the piazza. A chair was brought me, another was placed beside it for Margaretta, and we sat down to look at the landscape.

Descriptions of natural scenery are not much in

fashion now—it is very vulgar to *look*, save in a broad stare, preparatory to a cut. I am sorry that the current of popular favour has ebbed from those who sketch to us the “physiognomy” of a country. How can pen and ink be better used than in occasional delineations of the “human face” of the world—the millions of varied forms it presents? What is the chief interest of a collection of pictures derived from? variety, and the aid the brush has afforded to the study of man. When we see, depicted with equal skill, the features of all the different varieties of the human species, with the costumes it is theirs to sport in storm and sunshine, we deem the exhibition more than interesting, we deem it useful. It is so with descriptions of natural scenery, which, when they are not fancy sketches, are as interesting and profitable as delineations of the human character and features.

Hitherto my account of the island has been confined to the southern side. Between this and the northern side, as the reader has been told, there lies a chain of lofty mountains, and these separate two regions, almost as dissimilar as

Carmarthenshire and Romney Marsh. The south side boasts grandeur and sublimity ; abrupt precipices and inaccessible cliffs, Chaos enthroned in desolation—stupendous ridges, with the clouds momentarily shivering themselves to atoms against their summits. Far different is that portion which lies north of the mountains. It was upon this side that Columbus first approached the island, and here obtained that view which, if his biographer has made a true report of his opinion, led him to pronounce it the finest he had obtained in his voyages.

Our little cabin was situated on a commanding eminence, which enabled us to overlook much of the surrounding country. For a picture of still life, we had “ wide vales and symmetrically rounded hills,” slopes covered with the beautiful pimento shrub, and sward the most verdant that ever dwelt on the enraptured eyesight of human beings. In the distance lay the harbour of Port Maria, famous for having given an asylum to the same great discoverer, when his ship was in distress ; and where some half dozen barques were now riding at anchor, perhaps in the very spot ploughed by the

first keel that divided the waters of that bay. Nearer were the dwelling-house and sugar-works of Zachary Bayley, one of the most opulent and best informed planters of the island. Other groups of negro cabins, with the more lordly dwellings of their proprietors, caught your eye as you suffered it to take the sweep of the morning horizon. No spot could be more replete with beauties than this. There was a succession of that for which St. Mary's parish is more remarkable than any other in the island—a due intermixture of hill and dale, mountain and valley, the elevated spaces clothed with noble woods to their very summits, the depressed adorned with a thousand cultivated beauties and works of art.

Previous to this, Margaretta had received the homage of her slaves; and as it was soon whispered that “Missus hab got a young massa,” I came in for a share of their duckings and grimaces. It seldom fails that those slaves who are well treated prove faithful and affectionate, always excepting the Koromantyns, who are worse than the frozen serpent of the fabulist, that bit his benefactor in the heel as a recompense

for thawing him. Our principal house-servant was a Papaw, or inhabitant of that part of Africa which is usually known by the name of Whidah. The Papaws are usually preferred for domestic servants, being the most docile of the imported negroes. Equally removed, in his disposition, from the barbarous and warlike Koromantyn, and the timid and desponding Ebo, the Papaw is a being whom kindness will attach and mild treatment bind to you as it will your dog, or any other of your domestic animals.

I have always been addicted to favourites. Of all human weaknesses that which makes a pet of an irrational creature has most claims to be forgiven. When we reflect upon the nature of many of them, and their aptitude to regard man with eyes of affection, it is almost impossible not to make a warm return. With me, to see brutes in favour is, to a certain degree, a recommendation of him or her who permits them to be so. When I see a child fondling a favourite lamb, kitten, puppy, chicken; a lady caressing a cross husband, or feeding her Canary bird, or goldfinch, or spaniel; a hunter stroking his hound; a warrior patting the neck of his favourite charger;

I know not how it is, but I bestow a more fervent kiss on the child, feel a strong inclination to do the same by the lady, wish the hunter success with all my heart, and scan the features of my brother in arms, with an uncommonly strong inclination to see in him a future Hannibal, Cæsar, or Pyrrhus. He ever finds it an easy task to get on my blind side who evinces an interest in the brute creation, and endeavours to lighten their labours—or, if no labours be assigned them, their lot and “prospects.” This liking to brutes has brought me into many an awkward scrape in my time. My sympathy with the sufferings of Jacko, Captain Borden’s monkey, led to no less than three pitched battles between the boys of the hamlet, all got up by my resentment at the insults heaped upon the suffering quadruped. And truly, what business had they to pull his ears, or spit in his face? Bo’s’n, the old house-dog, and no unimportant personage in my early memoirs, was another fruitful source of black eyes and bloody noses. My quixotism once carried me so far as to get soundly flogged in defending an old mule from a merited castigation for sulkiness.

To return from brutes to negroes, the Papaw

had been baptized, and now bore the Christian name of Thomas ; and hence, and, from his being more moral than his companions, bore, among his fellows, the designation "St. Thomas in the Vale," which was also that of an adjoining parish. But he chose to be called by his African name, Futtee Jallah Sing, and we humoured him. Futtee Jallah Sing was an excellent and good hearted negro, and soon became my favourite, and the prime minister of the establishment. He possessed, even in a remarkable degree, that disposition to talk often and much, which belongs to Africans wherever found. Loquaciousness is as sure an attribute of the negro, as theft is of the Esquimaux, or vindictiveness of the Italian. I say nothing of professional declamation, for the negroes have *regularly educated* orators ! and these are quite as prosy and eternal as the generality of their brethren in civilized countries. It is of common conversation—the small talk, the "yard of ribbon, and skein of silk;" parlance of which I am speaking. Commend me to a flock of rooks, magpies, an offended parrot, a "bar" of monkeys, met to try an action of trespass in the woods of Demerara, for discretion in the use of the tongue. You shall listen to

a gang of half a dozen negroes, when their eyes and pores are open—in cold weather, and after a very hard day's work, they will be as silent as a poultry-house just before day-break, and, upon my word, there shall not be, put it all together, five minutes silence in as many hours. Perpetual motion is a fool to it; because, in the case supposed, there would be half a dozen or more perpetual motions all impelled by a single cause, all moving, like the sails of a windmill, upon a single axle.

Two months and better had now elapsed, and my strength had increased so much that I was able to take long and frequent walks. But my happiness did not increase in the same proportion as my strength, nor my heart acquire the elasticity of my sinews. I have been, for some pages back, studying how I should reveal to the reader, without shocking him, the decay of my attachment to my fair hostess, and my growing disinclination to make good my promise to her. More virtue, goodness, piety, sweetness of temper, compassion, and benignity were never centered in one bosom than in that of Margaretta Shadwell; but I had never loved her. What I had, for a few hours, mistaken for something like that feeling was passion, and

the feeling which, at a later date, possessed my bosom was gratitude, warm gratitude, but not love. And if the countenance might be studied as an index of the heart, Margaretta herself was undergoing the same silent and gradual change, from the same strong and pressing conviction. The truth is, we were not "made for each other." When we were together we were sociable and friendly, but not affectionate; kind, but not loving; and soon even the little endearments and attentions of ante-nuptial intercourse were wanting from our tête-à-têtes. And what seems most surprising was, that the estrangement seemed to occasion grief in neither, but rather to increase our satisfaction with each other. In one week more we were to be married, and yet neither spoke of it; we neither made arrangements to meet the event nor to avoid it.

But though I had ceased to love her, and she to love me, I was not insensible to her perfections. It was delightful to contemplate this charming girl, at once so good and beautiful—to see her plying her little feet in her morning labours, and to hear her lightening her domestic cares, which were no

cares, with a song begun, perhaps, in a lively strain; but if a suspicion struck her that I was listening, dropped to the *sotto voce*.

We spent our time variously, but the greatest part of it in sketching, from the front piazza, the beautiful scenes which lay spread out beneath us. I was but a pupil, a tyro taking his first lessons—how singular that I should have been indebted for my useful knowledge to a young and beautiful girl, and that instruction in the elegant arts should have been derived through the same enchanting medium. Margaretta played—heavenly, I believe, is the word to express a young lady's excellence in the accomplishment of music, as “divinely” informs you that she draws a little, and “bewitchingly” that she can dance. Now, what proves that there was nothing like genuine love subsisting between us is, that, in teaching me to play on the piano, the application of her hand to mine in “fingering,” neither produced in me that glow of happiness, nor in her that blush of consciousness which would have attended it, had we loved each other.

Every morning there was a procession of the

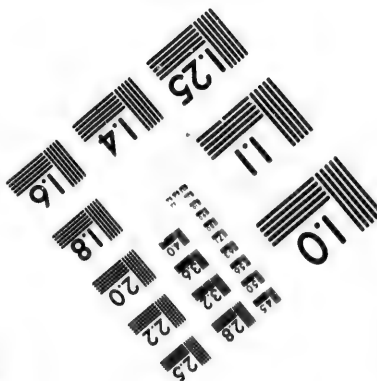
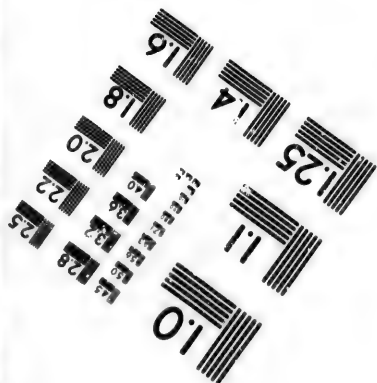
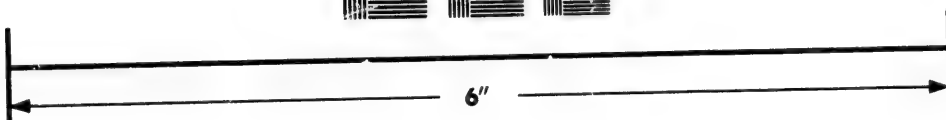
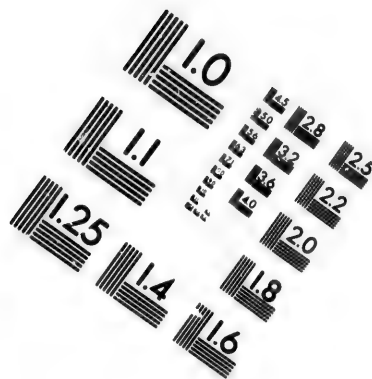
young negroes, from the cabins, to inquire how "young massa and missus did?" It soon became noised through the adjacent plantations that there was to be a marriage at and occupation of the Mountain-House; and fame having soon bruited my name as a good master, and reported more beneficent actions than I shall ever have done if I live to be as old as Methuselah, I was pestered, from morning to night, with "ticket bearers," that is negroes requesting me to buy them. Had I been a monied man, and in want of slaves, I could, in a fortnight, have stocked Agualta Vale with the "prime hands" of the Island. This arose from a custom, not so common in the West Indies as it is in the Southern states of America, and which is this. It being necessary, upon a sale of negroes, to conciliate them in a choice of masters, as far as can be done consistent with the interests of their owner—if they be not consulted, they will run away; they are furnished with tickets called "permits," which purport that "Quambo," or "Sambo," "being about to be sold, his price so many pounds, by Caleb Congo, Esq. or Mr. Frank Fantee, has permission to choose his purchaser." The

slave thus invested with power to treat for his own sale—of course not to receive the purchase-money, goes out, and inquires the character of the persons who may be likely to become buyers; or, guided by existing prepossessions, to him to whom he wishes to belong, and so continues his applications till he has effected a change of ownership to his liking. It was owing to this custom, and my good character! that I was perplexed with negro visitors from morning till night.

Matters went on thus and neither had the courage to tell the other the state of his or her mind. This was Monday; on Thursday at four o'clock in the afternoon Margaretta was to become my wife. During the whole of the morning, Futtee Jallah Sing had looked more than usually intelligent and communicative. I had several times remarked to myself that he appeared to be big with some secret of vital importance, some expected event likely to be fraught, I feared, with disastrous consequences. I knew, however, that little minds are pleased with little things, that the calibre of the Papaw's understanding, to run a metaphor down, admitted only balls " sixteen

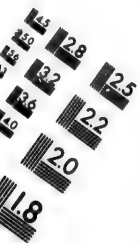
to a pound." I supposed he had heard of a dance to which he would go, but dared not ask permission, or of a *merriwang* of more than ordinary power, which was beyond his means to purchase. I had made up my mind to put myself to a little inconvenience to give him the frolic, or the instrument when he came to me, and, after a lengthened exordium, made a communication of much importance.—Now, a negro exordium is always the same enumeration of past services, hardships, and accidents, a statement of the number of children they have presented to their master, a recapitulation of instances of favours done him, the deduction being their own exceeding merit, and the inadequate compensation made them. They deny, both in precept and practice, the doctrine of disinterested benevolence, and will have nothing to do with "unrequited obligation," requiring an equivalent for every petty service with a zeal second to none of all earth's children who ply for hire.

The Papaw's first words were "if massa mind him tell him berry much. Him make him know more great den leetle."



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" And what is it Jallah ? To judge by the size of your eyes, and their disposition to turn inside out, I am sure you have something to tell me which will ward off an earthquake, or ' put a stopper ' on a hurricane. Ah, there go your eyes in another somerset. Well, let's have it Jallah."

" Oh, massa buckra, mebbe you tink I hab eyes. Mebbe you tink what I tell be no cane-trash.*

" Well! well! whatever it be let's have it. I hate long stories you know."

" Den I tell my berry good massa. Oh, massa did him eber see de White River where him go rattlin and roarin like mad bull or twenty thousand tunders ober de great rock?"

" All that, and other wonders innumerable, and horrible."

" Den massa know how de white man's blood run 'fore two suns hide him 'hind de tree tops. Oh, my berry good massa, Jallah two eyes alamos drop blood—drop water berry fas—when he tink

* The refuse, or macerated rind of the cane, used by the negroes as a figure for worthless conversation.

where kine massa, and kine massa's leetle bird
buful missus be fore de time come that two suns
go a sleep."

The poor fellow's heart seemed ready to burst
with anguish at the thought of the danger threat-
ening those he loved so well.

" But Jallah," said I, " what is to be done to
me and the other white people?"

" Oh, massa, me neber tell—~~dey~~ kill poor
Jallah ib him tell—him tak de fettish."

" And what is the fettish?"

" Oh, my berry good massa, dey gib Jallah,
any body dat dey make hold de tongue fas, blood—
Jallah blood, any body blood, mixed wid airt
(earth) dat dey dig out dade man's grave—pour
liddle wader—berry liddle wader wid it—den dey
take a stick and stir him up and gib Jallah—any
body drink. Den dey say Accompong strike
Jallah wid tunder ib he tell what he see: dey
say Assarki, make airt shake Jallah, ib him tell
what him see: dey say Ipboa, set ole sea top a
storm ib him tell what him see, and when dey hab
done all dese tings, dey, las of all, call 'pon old
Obboney, ooite man say debble, to bring hims

febers and sores, show him black face, make poor Jallah terble 'fraid; scare any body ib him tell."

" I understand you, Jallah. There is mischief afloat, and those who have launched it have made you take an oath after your country's fashion that you would not divulge it."

" Ees, my berry good massa."

" Jallah, do you say that you cannot divulge any part of this secret to me?"

" Jallah take de fettish—him swear his tongue no tell, but he nebber swear dat his finger no *point*. Jallah *show* masse, ib massa go wid him into frightful dark place, dey call—" and he spoke in a suspended breath like one compelled to utter a fearful imprecation—" de glen of Obboney—ooite mans say glen of de debble."

" I think I have heard of the place before, Jallah. If I follow you will you not lead me into dangers from which your weak understanding cannot extricate me?"

" If Jallah no bring massa back Jallah die for hims massa. Fettish nebber say any ting 'ginst Jallah die for good massa and leetle missus.

Obeah man, when he make Jallah talk ober de big ote, nebber say Futtee Jallah Sing no pint wid his finger; no let massa—any body, look wid his own eye, ony say Jallah nebber make tell wid his own tongue.”

“ And how far have we to go before we reach this glen, Jallah?”

“ Leetle way ober de hills, den great away in de balley. Go long leetle path trough big woods, high bombax, high cotton tree, big serpunt. (‘ water withe’ or wild vine.)” Then coming near me as if for protection from those whom the half-treachery might bring from the infernal shades, he intimated, by signs, what we were to see, continuing to assert, with the nicest casuistry, by way of apology to Obi, or the Spirit of the Spell, that there was a vast difference between the two modes of divulging a secret—that he had broken no oath by that he had taken to acquaint me of my danger. The faithful creature, ready to spill his blood for me, or, with far greater devotion, to peril himself in a feud with invisible beings, shook like one in the ague, with the superstitious fears common to his race, at the thought of what he was

doing. He kept his eyes in a constant tour of duty, reconnoitring every dark spot in the surrounding glades, which were now hiding themselves in the dusk of sunset, doubtless expecting every moment to see some fearful form, with the "immortality of hell glaring forth from his brow," rise to punish him for what his conscience—that nice measure of obligations and penalties—told him was a virtual breaking of his oath.

The belief of a negro in the power and practice of Obeah obtains in the West Indies, especially in Jamaica, even in a greater degree than in Africa. Obi—the noun, Obeah is the adjective, signifies the former a wizard, the latter his calling. The practice of wearing charms or amulets seems to be a favourite one with savage nations. Throughout the western continent, from Labrador to Cape Horn, the practice obtains of wearing certain preparations with a view to protect the wearer from bodily harm, but they are never, I believe, used in those countries as operatives upon the lives of others. The Obeah charm or spell consists of materials as various and discordant as those which formed the ingredients of the poisoned cauldron in

Macbeth, though their enumeration shall lack the rhythm of Shakespeare's divine description. In the North American wilds, I had seen the superstitious Indians armed with magic preparations of owls heads, rattlesnakes' skins and rattles, beaks of eagles, claws of panthers and wild cats; here the charm was composed of blood, feathers, parrot's beaks, dog's teeth, grave dirt, egg shells, &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

WE set out on our dangerous expedition a little after dark. Margaretta had no suspicion of the cause which took me abroad at that hour, and delicacy prevented her putting me any questions. Our path lay, for the greater part of the distance, through a wilderness of crag, dell, ravine, and precipice—a wilder spot could not, I imagine, have been found in any country. After working our way with patience and perseverance, for more than an hour, we came to a steep crag, bearing, upon its summit, a huge projecting rock, beneath which lay a dark and frightful glen, answering, in its character, to the Glen of Obboney. I had no doubt that I stood in the precise spot where, upon the dying away of the third blast of a horn, a call made upon the Barb of the Desert would cause that mysterious being to appear. It

was now that, recollecting his veiled hints, and Jallah's half-made charge, half-arrested disclosure, I began to have a suspicion of the terrible truth. We were about to have a general rising of the slaves, and the Barb of the Desert was the chief and leader. The Papaw would soon give me ocular demonstration of the fact, but whether my box at the minor rehearsal of this petite drama of rebellion was to have the advantage of a good 'screen,' was what I was very anxious to ascertain. I dared not ask the slave, however, lest he should give vent to a freshet of that characteristic eloquence which is quite too noisy for a business of life and death.

The negro rebellion, which forms an important episode in my early life, and a principal epoch in the history of the island where it took place, has been accounted for in various ways by various writers, but by none so as to satisfy us fully that they were correct in their premises or logical in their deductions. The slaves were *not* treated worse at that time than they had been previously, or were afterwards. They were suffering no unusual severity, they were labouring under no par-

ticular privation. It began at a season of the year when the relaxation in their labours was so great as to make it, to this moment, a matter of doubt, whether, when idleness was left out of the enumerated causes of revolt, the palpable and true cause was not omitted. It originated upon plantations where the slaves had received the best of treatment; while, upon others, where they had experienced hard and cruel usage, and had a list of real grievances demanding to be redressed, and were able to exhibit scars of a "million of beating" as a proof how much they suffered; there they remained perfectly quiet, throughout the struggle. My own solution of the enigma of their rising in one place without a cause, and of their beast-like endurance in another, is the presence, at the first, of an ambitious master spirit, and the materials upon which he could work, and of his and their absence from those spots which remained tranquil and undisturbed. It is known to have originated amongst the Koromantyns, or Natives of the Gold Coast, and to have been general wherever that fierce and savage tribe were found in sufficient numbers for the organization which the

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Barb of the Desert carried into practice amongst his people. The other tribes, in whom the love of liberty and the desire of vengeance, if likely to be fraught with any labour, are the lowest in the scale of impulses—the least persuasive to action of any humane motives remained passive.

Descending the steep precipice, Jallah leading, and I following, we came about half-way down to a broad flat stone, placed curiously against the side of the precipice, so as to appear to be the masonry of nature rather than of her sometime copyist, but oftener, both in pen and pencil, caricaturist, man. Removing this stone a small opening, rather larger than the flue of a chimney of the fashion of the sixteenth century, was revealed to us. The negro pointed to the aperture, and said “Massa go in, Jallah come arpter.”

“Jallah,” said I, in a low voice, “is there no treachery in this? Are you not enticing me into a place where harm is intended me?”

“What for Jallah nebber mine fettish—what for he tell all about what dey mean to do to massa, but to sabe him berry good massa, him buful missus? No, no, massa, Jallah ’peak true.

He say ib him no carry massa back safe an' soun',
he show true—he die for him. Jallah do so."

"I will trust you, boy. And yet, Jallah, do
you see this pistol? It holds two bullets.

"Ees, massa, Jallah see leetle bang. Me see
massa put two bullits in de leetle bang. Oh, massa,
pint de leetle feller todder way, do—mebbe he go
off and soot poor Jallah."

"If you have deceived me, and are about to
lead me, purposely, into a net, the first thing I will
do, when I find myself caught, is to shoot you
through the heart."

"Ees, massa, when Jallah play tricky, den
him massa soot poor Jallah troo de heart, wid one
bullit—two bullit."

"Go in, I will follow you."

The dimensions of the cavern into which my
Ebo slave conducted me might have been a hun-
dred by fifty feet, and its height thirty. By some
contrivance, the Ebo, of course, imputed it to
Obi, lamps had been suspended from the roof of
the cavern, so that every object moving in it would
be visible to the eye, whilst the quantity of light
afforded would be insufficient for more than a faint

outline, a kind of shadow seen in the last quarter of the moon. The air of the cavern, situated in a cold region, was rendered yet more chilly by the dampness occasioned by a continual trickling of water down its sides. The dim and uncertain light cast by the lamps, together with the nature of my visit, rendered the scene and my feelings gloomy and solemn.

On one, the most imperfectly lighted, side of the cavern, at rather less than half its elevation, there was a recess, which, if the spirits of darkness had ever congregated here, might have been the rostrum of the chief lecturer, or, a softer class of beings tenanted the spot, it would, supposing it suitably furnished with combs, mirrors, paints, and patches, have been a particularly nice dressing-room for them. To attain it, you must clamber over loose stones and amongst wet sand. Jallah assured me that this was to be our place of concealment, and necessity compelled us to essay the ascent. With considerable difficulty, and at the expense of some bad bruises, he leading the way, and I following, we gained the platform,

and posted ourselves behind a slight bank, which evidently had been raised for the purpose of concealing spies and eaves-droppers.

We had not been ensconced in our retreat more than five minutes when half a dozen negroes entered. One of them carried a flaming brand, and the others faggots, or, rather, dry brush-wood. Having piled up the combustible materials in the centre of the cavern, and applied the torch, they walked three times around the flame, muttering what I supposed to be imprecations of some deity, or denunciations of enemies. One of them untied the strings of a bag which he carried under his arm, and drew out a tremendous snake, of a very poisonous species. It had, undoubtedly, been deprived of its fangs, for the negroes, notwithstanding its extreme exasperation, handled it without its inflicting any injury upon them. A rope—the representation of a hanging cord—was next produced, and they hung the reptile upon a miniature gallows, leaving it to writhe in a state of partial strangulation. This signified what they were preparing to do with their masters.

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A moment after, three more entered, and each of these brought an alligator. The arrivals were now momentary, and soon the cavern was half filled with these—in a double sense—sons of darkness; probably, in half an hour after our arrival, there were two hundred assembled. The company, as far as I could judge, were, to a man, Koromantyns. They were as tall, bony, and vigorous as the North-American Indians; except in the hair and features of the face they were much such men. The greater part of them were armed, principally after a rude fashion, with bludgeons, knives, and rice-scythes, but there were some who had guns, pistols, and swords, and bore them in a way which intimated a previous schooling in their use.

In the mean time the assembly got on very slowly with their business. They appeared to be waiting the arrival of some one whose presence was necessary to their deliberations. He came at rather a late hour, and with him some whom I supposed to be the principal sub-chiefs of the revolt. It need not be told that in this person I saw the man

who, by his generous care of myself, had bound me to an oath of silence, I was now led to regard with shivering. The "Barb of the Desert" was before me. He was dressed—how procured was never known—in the full uniform of a British general officer. Such a being I never saw before, and may never chance to see again. He was at least six feet four inches high, and his frame, in other respects, equally removed from the common proportions of men. His air was that of a prince, not a prince in chains, he was Porus before Alexander, an imperial mind, unbroken, unbowed by defeat, and sustained in its reverses by a consciousness of exceeding intellectual strength and of physical courage adequate to any possible danger. His air was that of one who may say, "I have met and baffled every thing which it depended on self to subdue; that I have failed in being all I sought to be is the fault of others."

Hitherto, and from the commencement of the evening, silence had pervaded the assembly,—a circumstance which, independently of others, led me to impute to it a character of dangerous con-

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sequence. At length one of the leaders, I knew him to be such by the strut which as surely marks a trusted negro as it does a peacock or male turkey, rose and commenced a speech to his brethren. It may be remarked that the proceedings of the evening were principally conducted in a foreign tongue, a dialect, as I afterwards learned, of the Gold Coast. I could form some guess of its import, however, from Jallah's excessive trembling, and the rolling up of the whites of his eyes, which served to show that he was painfully excited by it. This speaker was very brief; he said a few words in a low tone, and without the violent and extravagant gestures which usually distinguish African oratory. When he had finished he sat down, and I was left to find out its import from what should follow.

Presently, a negro, who appeared to be the principal priest of the rites, and was tottering with years and infirmity, rose, and, going to the further end of the cavern, removed a large stone; the action revealed to my eye a spot darker than the surrounding space, and which proved to be the

mouth of a smaller cavern. From this concealed spot he drew out a kettle, containing, perhaps, ten gallons, and, placing it in the centre of the circle formed by these desperate men, he commenced the horrid rites which the address had called for. Baring his arm to the elbow, one approached, and, applying a lancet, made, with scientific skill, an incision, which caused the blood to flow abundantly. Another and another came forward and paid their tribute into the bowl.* As it was impossible to regulate any incision so as to produce a given quantity, or cause to flow the precise modicum wanted; and, moreover, as the stout-hearted were anxious to show their intrepidity, by inflicting deep gashes, it followed that the kettle would have been twice filled had all the blood which was drawn have been suffered to flow into it. The taking away of the arm gave an opportunity to the unstayed blood to trickle or flow ac-

* If any of my readers suppose that this account of the negro rebellion is distorted, let them consult the records of the period.

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cordova to the depth and situation of the gash ; soon the whole space within the circle was coloured, or rather discoloured, by the sanguine flood. The floor of the cavern resembled that of a slaughter-house, and, upon receiving the flickering beams of the lamps, gave out a shade—but I do not love to dwell upon any thing so very horrible.

When each and every one had contributed a portion of his life to the contents of the kettle, the negro who officiated as the high priest of the rites went to the sub-cave, or treasury, and brought thence a basket, the bare contents of which created a shudder in the assembly. For the first time in the evening the conversation was conducted in the gibberish of those who had unlearned their own tongue without learning any other.

“ Bodder Quaw, shure he git de airt out dead man’s grave ?” asked one, till now silent.

“ Berry shure, Sang ;” answered the party addressed by the Gold-Coast name of Quaw ; “ Me dig down where dey burry ole massa Billy Brimmer ; fine bones braky, braky, get up whole airt full a bone—tigh-bone, solder-blade,

teet, toe-bone ; look-a-here, Sang, see wid him own ears." And he uncovered the basket, and displayed a quantity of earth mixed with the cracked and disjointed bones of the dead.

" Pour dem into de blood, Sang," said Quaw ; " make berry good *fettish*—quick—time go much more dan liddle, deal ado 'fore mornin ; 'member dat, Sang."

With that, Quaw poured the earth and bones into the blood. Sang then drew from his pocket a small drinking cup and filled it with the loathsome and horrid mixture.

" Now for de *fettish*, and ebery body hear what Sang say. May Accompong, de greater ob all, may ole Obboney, de mos baddest, hear what Sang say. May *fettish* make him belly burse—make him bone rot, ib him tell what him see, ib him tell what him hear, ib him make show what for him learn dis night."*

* This is the usual form of administering the *fettish*, or oath of silence or purgation. They frequently give it to their wives when they suspect them of infidelity.

Had the oath been as cautiously administered to Jallah, what would have been the issue of this revolt. Believing, as he did, that the least infraction of the letter of the oath would lead to a literal performance of the vengeance imprecated, he would have remained silent, and I and thousands of others undoubtedly have fallen sacrifices.

When Quaw had finished Sang went through the ceremony, and others followed, till the oath had been administered to all, and the caldron nearly emptied of its contents. The oath of secrecy imposed, and the occasion for silence removed, there was an obvious impatience to give loose to the bloody and treasonable sentiments by which they were animated, but the aged negro interposed.

"Brodders," said he, "we take de fettish—all de same now as no say at all. But, brodders, we mus hab Grate Man in de sky for help nigger. Buckra ooite man's hab berry big tall God, wid great house, where dey meets, pray loud, sing berry loud.—Nigger, wedder Axim, Jabi, Fetu, or

Fantyn,* nebber pray—nebber sing—nebber offer sacrifice not much.”

“ True, Quaw,” said another, “ but Accompong no need—nebber asks much pray, him berry pleased, too good pleased much widout pray. Assarki, him berry much good too. When nigger man get buckra massa ’trong rum he pour out much ’pon de airt for Assarki too. And more, dey gib him de biggerest yam.”†

* There is no material difference in the superstitions of the different tribes inhabiting the space between Cape Apollonia and the river Volta; nor, indeed, does the Whidah country, or *slave-coast proper*, present any remarkable diversity.

† In the mythology of a large part of Africa the following are the names, functions, and attributes of the principal deities. “ Accompong is the God of the heavens, and the creator of all things; a deity of infinite goodness; to whom they never offer sacrifices, thinking it sufficient to adore him with praises and thanksgivings.” They seldom, however, do even that. It will be perceived that their belief of his being “ immutable in his decrees for their happiness,” is the same as that entertained by the North-American Indians.

“ Assarki is the God of the earth, to him they offer the first-fruits of the ground, and pour out libations of the liquors they drink to his honour.”

" We tank Accompong. Dat is enouf for Accompong," said another. " We gib Assarkirum, so he go asleep berry content. And we don't want any ting ob Ipboa, so he be damned. But Obboney, one berry bad sperit, ebery body know dat, brodders, we ought to hab Obboney, ole debble, our side. He help us berry much, he be our side. Quaw, him say what we mus do to bring ole

" Ipboa is the God of the sea. If the arrival of ships which trade upon their coast be delayed, they sacrifice a hog to deprecate the wrath of Ipboa."

" Obboney is a malicious deity, who pervades heaven, earth, and sea; he is the author of all evil, and when his displeasure is signified by the infliction of pestilential disorders, or otherwise, nothing will divert his anger but human sacrifices, which are selected from prisoners taken in war, or, if there be none present, then from their slaves." Their worship is then principally directed to allay the anger or secure the favour of this last-named and mutable being, whose influence is so all-pervading, and disposition so imperious, from whom comes *Obi*, and every other wicked machination, hurricanes, and earthquakes, and, lastly, (and with a greater show of reason,) the disposition in their masters to cruel and barbarous usage of themselves.

Obboney, ooite mans say debble, from todder side, ooite mans side, where him be now."

"Obboney lub blood—lub smell blood. We must opper up some ting to ole Obboney."

"Bantam cock, leetle pig, what?" one demanded.

"Nyder, hoomans-ooite mans bes—ib no get ooite mans, den Ebo, Papaw, las ob all Gole Cose."

"Where we get ooite mans blood?" demanded Sang.

"Sindah Sing Nattee say him know.

"Den let Sindah Sing Nattee tell."

With that a Gold Coast came forward and told the assembly, in the same broken dialect, which the leader had ordered to be used to the intent that all might understand, that he and some other negroes had taken prisoner, and brought hither in anticipation of the purpose for which he was now wanted, a Swede who had been employed as a kind of overseer in Ballard Beckford's sugar-works. He was now lying at the door bound hand and foot. It was settled in a moment

that he should be sacrificed, and at the bidding of the chief director of the rite, he was dragged in, not tenderly, but as the carcase of a dead beast would be removed from a field where it was likely to be offensive. Never, whilst I live, shall I forget the look this miserable creature gave, the unutterable horror and agony depicted in his countenance while, helpless as a child, he lay contemplating the but too obvious sacrifice. While one stood sharpening a large Spanish knife, occasionally passing the brawn of the thumb along its edge, to see if it was sufficiently sharp to do the murder easy, two others, in defiance of his, alas! useless struggles, divested him of his coat and waistcoat, unbuttoned the collar of his shirt, and laid bare his neck upon the edge of the kettle. The butcher then drew his knife rapidly across the weasand, the blood spouted with tremendous energy, and his woes were ended. The whole was conducted with as much coolness, and as little apparent feeling, as if they had been slaughtering a bullock. When the blood had been principally drawn from the body, it was removed, and a gallon

of rum poured into the kettle.* After stirring it to the point of amalgamation, the liquid was handed around to the company, and partaken of by them with much apparent relish, and with a winking and smacking of their lips, as if they liked it. I was not more than thirty or forty feet from them at the time, and can say, with truth, that they exhibited fewer signs of compunction for what they had done than a thoughtless school-boy would who had trod upon a beetle, dismembered a fly of its wings, drowned a grasshopper, or frightened a toad by trailing a rod after it in the grass, in imitation of the motions of a snake. The Prince of Darkness, were he what *poets* have made him, ay, were he twice as malignant and barbarous, would have gone about a work of equal wickedness with far greater reluctance.

* "At Ballard's Valley they surrounded the overseer's house, about four in the morning, in which, finding all the white servants in bed, they butchered every one of them in the most savage manner, and *literally drank their blood mixed with rum.*"

—*Edward's West Indies*, 4to. London, 1794, vol. ii. 66.

The rites finished, the debates of the assembly commenced. Quaw was the first speaker, to him succeeded Sang, and the oration of Quamina was the third. I have said something, in another place, of the manner of negro orators, and what constitutes the usual burthen of their rigmarole, parrot-mouthed harangues. These differed in no such degree from the others as to demand that I should report them here. The burthen of all was "wrongs," "wrongs," "wrongs," for which they demanded "blood!" "blood!" "blood!" Those who had scars showed them; those who had brought none with them, promised to get some made against the next meeting! Quaw, who really had a touch of rude eloquence, went so far as to enumerate his grievances. To show the horrid treatment which the slaves in Jamaica and elsewhere receive from their masters, and the necessity there was for a revolt—on the principle that human endurance could go further, I will just mention that the wrongs which appeared to be most deeply imprinted on their recollections, were the being restricted to one—lady, and that lady a wife, and the being al-

lowed but three salted mackerel each per day for more than a week together. Now it happens that a negro thinks far less of a severe flogging than of the slightest abridgement of his sensual enjoyments. Give him an extra holiday, a red cravat, a new *dundo* or *goombay*,* and a fig cares he for whips and thumbscrews, kicks and handcuffs. Allow him unrestrained concubinage, if that comparatively honourable term, which supposes a certain degree of affection and modicum of constancy, may be used of negro sexual intercourse, allow him plenty of sleep, sleep on the sunny side of a brick wall, the thermometer at 130, meat frying, water boiling, and apples roasting, and perish the remembrance of Africa and freedom—what he was, or, rather, never was, and what he wishes to be, but never can be.

Let no one suppose, from any thing in this paragraph or these pages, that I am inimical to liberty. On the contrary, I am enthusiastic in my admira-

* The *dundo* is a tabor, the *goombay* a rustic drum, formed of the trunk of a hollow tree, and covered, at one end, with a sheepskin.

tion of free institutions properly directed and applied. It is sufficient for me to say that I devoted twelve years of my life to defend the endangered liberties of my native land. It is my firm belief that where a people are preliminarily instructed in the duties of obedience to the laws, and the necessity of submitting to wholesome restraints; have known, by actual and lengthened possession, the value of rights and immunities, and, by their actual deprivation, the curse of bondage; where education is generally diffused, and a healthy system of religion and morals predominant, that there liberty produces the happiest possible condition of terrestrial being, and should be defended at the risk of losing every other earthly possession. But I take up as a thesis, which I am ready to defend, when and where the caviller pleases, that a majority of the beings who walk this earth in the shape of men are, in their present state, unworthy of the boon of freedom, will never appreciate it properly, would, if it were given them, but use it to cut each other's throats, and, while God continues merciful to the condition of his creatures, will,

probably, never have it. I am aware that my position strikes at one of the most amiable of human weaknesses — that which induces men, happy in and worthy of freedom, to hail the efforts to change their condition of a demi-civilized, demi-savage people, hitherto held in bondage. Look at the negroes, consider them attentively, and, as I do, *without prejudice*. They cannot read nor write, but in the solitary instances which prove the rule, nor do they wish to do either; stripes cannot make them. Bestow upon them a holiday, and they will pass it in the most frivolous pursuits, instead of attempts to acquire knowledge. Did you ever see a negro book? Did you ever see a painting done by a negro? or hear a negro sing a song rising in merit above

“ Possum up a gum tree,
Shake a possum down?”

Did you ever see an ingenious piece of mechanism invented by a negro, ever hear of his successful imitation of a given model? In no part of Africa, which is inhabited by negroes, is there to be found learning of any kind, the arts either

useful or elegant, science in any one of its various departments, talent or genius applied or misapplied. He answers, as far as mind is concerned, Plato's definition of man, an "animal with two legs and without feathers," as well as the "plucked cock" which I forget who presented to the "Athenian bee," to realize the definition.

Having said enough in the three preceding pages to make me as many bitter enemies as there are letters in them, but still nothing but what is true as the Gospels, I return to the theme I had renounced for the pleasure of putting men to rights in an important matter.

The three wordy orators seated, the prime leader of the revolt, the Barb of the Desert, rose and commenced his harangue. He used the English language, translating, from time to time, what would have been unintelligible to the newly imported Koromantyns. Both the matter and manner of his speech proclaimed the immeasurable distance there was between him and his followers. *He* might have made laws for an empire, or excelled in science or the arts, or spread civilization over a continent.

He began by painting to his hearers the beauty and happiness of that clime from whence the cupidity of the whites had torn them. He spoke of its beautiful groves of palms and plantains, and, with sighs that were echoed by the audience, of its delicious suns, hot enough to roast their guavas or fry their lizards. He spoke of the mud-walled villages on the Gold-Coast bank of the river Volta, of the jetty wives from whose fond embraces they had been torn, of the beloved children, hurried, like themselves, into a miserable captivity, and, if not yet killed by cruel usage, at this moment groaning under privations and tortures equal to those which were experienced by themselves.

“White men,” said he, “boast of their happiness, but were we not happy also? We had been placed by the Creator of all things, the Great Accompong—in a climate suited to our natures, and whose fervid suns ripened into early and plenteous perfection the fruits and the animals adapted to the wants of the man of woolly locks and a black skin. He gave us constitutions to meet the air which robs the white

man of life, and hearts which could bear to be told, and yet indulge in no repining, of the rich palaces and golden hoards which, in other lands, reward the ambitious toils of the people. We had as much affection for our children as our oppressors have for theirs; and love, which burns in our breast like the sun in our native sky, compensated for the absence of the passion of gain and the lust of glory.* Seated beneath the spreading palm, we ate our yam, and rice, and lizard,† with as keen an appetite, and as satisfied and contented a mind, as the men from whom Quaw, Sang, Scindia,

* Poetry is a divine art, and fiction a splendid theme, but I never could, for the life of me, think it either useful or properly applied in philosophy or history! Now those who have ascribed to the negro love, considered as a *sentiment*, and meaning "unvarying attachment to, and contentment with one object," "a single connexion with an individual of the other sex," have not only honoured him more than he deserves, but have given him a virtue he would certainly forswear, if a law to restrain his desires were to be coined out of the imputation.

† The lizard is a favourite article of food with the negroes. They are not, however, at all fastidious in their tastes, and, literally, eat every thing that falls in their way.

Soubadou, Foulah Jattee Quantee, and their brothers to-day take kicks, and, to-morrow, cudgels.

“ What happened then, brothers ? Listen, and I will tell you what befel the Barb of the Desert, and, believe me, you will find it hath happened, more or less, to all whom oppression has called together, this night. Tacky slept at the door of his tent on one of the latter days of the moon when the rice-fields begin to grow yellow. My brothers know that I was a chief of the tribe of Fantyn, and they know that the Fantyns are the most warlike of all the fifty tribes spread over the Gold Coast. They know that my people rule, more or less, the tribes of Axim, Jabi, Fetu, and Sabou, that when we send to Adom for a drove of cattle, a drove surely comes, that when we ask the people of Comani for plantain butter, every tree is forthwith set atap; that Agouna is our hunting dog, and Anta our jackal.

“ I had just returned from a war I had waged against the tribe of Shantee. I had come back victorious. Many slaves had I taken, and they had brought me much red cloth. It was the most

successful expedition ever undertaken by my people.

“ My ten wives and twenty concubines sat around me rubbing my limbs with palm oil, and my children were playing on the outside of my tent, when the goombay sounded at the distance of a spear’s throw, and, in a moment, my tent was surrounded by the troops of the Great King, who, instigated by the treble motive of jealousy of my fame and prowess, a desire to possess himself of my plunder, and the persuasions of white men, who saw, in my iron frame, one fitted to grind the cane beneath the suns of the West, had sent thither his own guard to make me a slave amongst slaves. I resisted, but what availed one good spear against a hundred. They tore we away, gashed and bleeding, but not till fourteen had bit the dust, and with me such of my women and children as were of a sufficient age and value to be thought worthy the slave-dealer’s notice. We reached the river, and soon were dispersed amongst the slave-ships, here one, and there one, my Mandingo wife Fatima in one ship, with the child of my Papaw wife Afiba, who, in

her turn, nursed the child of my Fantyn slave Yemesa, sold to a different dealer, and bound to a different part of the earth.

“ Then came our voyage across the great ocean, chained, manacled, penned up in a hold so low that none to whom Accompong had given the stature of a man could place himself in the posture which frightens the lion.* Daily men, women, and children, many, very many, died, but our masters only laughed, and sang, and danced the louder and merrier. Little cared they who died, for the rich white man in the West had said, ‘ pay me so much beforehand, and if your slaves die I will make good your losses.’† Arrived, we were again sold—the ‘ Barb of the Desert’ became the property of a hard master, and much he endured. But—I—live to be—revenged. I have organized a rebellion of all my countrymen,

* The negroes believe that man in the erect posture, which proclaims his superiority to other creatures, is a terror to the lion, who acknowledges his inferiority by flight.

† The practice of insuring slaves is, indeed, a horrid one. I have heard statements which, if they are correct, would affix the legal stain of murder upon many a slave-dealer who has previously insured.

and soon will we set our feet on the proud necks of our masters—soon will we bestride the fallen foes of Africa. Delivered from their dominion, we will revive the customs of our country, recall to our hearth the household gods of our race, relight the flames of human sacrifice in the isles of the West, and establish on this we inhabit a glorious Koromantyn empire. Follow me, and victory shall be ours, and the picture be realized.”

He sat down, and such was the effect produced by his speech, that silence, deep as that of a charnel-house, for the space of five minutes, pervaded the assembly. No other person attempted to speak, aware, perhaps, that after such splendid declamation, his own patchwork oratory would not be endured.

It was arranged amongst these desperate men that the insurrection should commence on the third day thereafter. They were to meet again the next night, at the same hour, in the same place. Tachontis, Tacky, or the Barb of the Desert—the first was his real name, the second the abbreviation used by his white masters, and the third his own, his former, and the courted designation

of himself,—was to go next day, and bring up a party from a neighbouring plantation to give the ball of revolt its first impetus, the sagacious leader being aware how much success in a revolution is dependant on a first movement. The details arranged, the assembly began to separate, and soon Futtee Jallah Sing and myself remained the sole occupants of the cavern. We got down and out as well as we were able, but the floor, it will be remembered, was slippery with blood—human blood, the light cast by the lamps was dim and uncertain, and our missteps and blunders were not a few.

I bade Jallah return to the Mountain-house and inform its mistress that I should be absent at least two hours longer. He was to say nothing of what he had seen and to be careful not to intimate that danger was in my path.

Dismissing him, my next step was to obtain an interview with the leader of the revolt, and endeavour, if possible, to make him change his bloody resolutions.

CHAPTER IX.

ASCENDING the steep crag, the position of which indicated it to be that the Barb had referred to when he parted from us at the concealed hamlet, I prepared to see if he would redeem his promise, and appear at my call. Three blasts on the shell, and when the echo died away his "fancy" name repeated in a loud voice, brought him from his hiding-place. He was muffled up in the same cloak I had seen him wear formerly, the hat and plumes which had lately nodded over a field-marshal were exchanged for the coarse blue-woollen Guernsey cap, which is ordinarily worn by the slaves, but once seen there was no outward decoration or badge needed to enable you to know him again.

"What would you with me?" was his first question.

"This is not exactly the spot in which matters

So important as those that have brought me hither may be debated with safety or in confidence."

"I will answer with my life that your communications are heard by no one but ourselves. Speak openly and fearlessly—we are alone."

"You are on the eve of doing a fearful deed. You are about to rise in rebellion against your masters."

"How know you this?"

"I know it—let that suffice."

"Treachery is abroad then?"

"Why should it not be when murder and cold-blooded assassination are? Crimes, like the locusts of your own land, move in a host—revolt never goes unattended by treason and falsehood. Barb of the Desert, listen to me. Why has this particular time been selected by the slaves for revolt, and what are the especial grievances which have so suddenly stirred up your people to meditate the murder of their masters?"

"You have asked me a question and I am bound to reply. This particular time has been selected by the slaves for revolt, not because especial grievances have suddenly stirred them up, but be-

cause they have one whom they have hitherto lacked, who has bent his energies, and those no common ones, to achieve the liberation of his race. Hitherto the Koromantyn has suffered in silence, for he had no one to direct his efforts to a common aim. Now he has such an one, even myself—like himself, a despised and maltreated slave, but born a prince and made a soldier—one more accustomed to the bow and lance than the axe and mattock, and who has sworn never more to wield the latter servile tools in the service of a white man."

" You name no especial wrongs, no stirring provocation, yet surely such should not be wanting when a penalty so bloody is to be exacted."

" Especial wrongs! stirring provocation! What call you the being torn from sub-regal rule, and manacled and cribbed in the wretched hold of a slave-bark, the ignominy of a public sale, and the tasks I have been driven to perform? Are these nothing? It is true they have given me food, and they feed their oxen and horses. They have not beaten me, for they remembered that it is never considered safe or prudent to thrust a

stick into the jaws of a hungry lion, or tread on the tail of a sleeping hyena. Can there be no injuries, think you, but those which are external and wound the flesh? I deem as little of such as I do of the prick of a thorn; but wound my spirit, and my enmity is eternal."

"I see it all. You have treasured up the remembrance of wrongs, and are about to avenge them at one swoop, by spreading desolation far and wide. Give it over, I beseech you. You can no more succeed in your attempts to throw off your chains than the palm-tree may change itself into a pimento shrub."

"Then shall my body, like his, in your Christain fable, be crushed under the ruins of the house I shall pull after me. But how know you I shall not succeed?"

"Want of courage in your followers bars, to a certainty, your eventual success. When they find themselves confronted in the field of battle with their masters they will slink from you like a dog who sees a whip and meets a portentous eye. Their valour is but lip deep—it is not the true spirit of courage, but a frothy effervescence."

" Presumptuous boy! to speak thus lightly of my race. Know that at least there is one upon whom these imputations shall never rest."

" Yourself; I do not doubt your valour or blood-thirstiness. I never reckoned imbecility amongst your weaknesses! I believe you a warrior, and I have seen you a ruffian, but still an undaunted one."

" And this to a man who has saved your life, and to a ruffian?"

" To take it, perhaps, at a future day, in a less merciful manner than he would have done who was my fellest foe. My only security is your promise; your followers may not choose to respect it, and I shall perish out of a false sense of honour in keeping an unsolicited secret, and more, see thousands perish with me whom a word of mine would have saved."

" You ^{were} ~~was~~ better aware of the strength of your voice than I, when you proposed a more retired place. Follow me."

Suspecting no wrong, I followed him down a winding path, till we came, at the bottom of the glen, to a kind of cave, formed partly by a projecting

crag, and partly by wild vines, trailed over poles leaned against it. The sand in its sides had been scooped out—altogether it formed a dwelling of considerable magnitude.

“ Here,” said he, “ we may debate in the loudest voice, without fear of the surprisal which your vehemence might have provoked in the other place. And now let me tell you that your arguments have no weight with me to make me change my course. I deem myself formed by the hand of destiny to liberate my enslaved countrymen, and establish for myself a name and a kingdom.”

“ Ambitious and deluded man !”

“ The first, perhaps, but not the last. I am not deluded—I know the mental weakness and imbecility of my countrymen of Africa ; I know that they are asses who love stripes ; but I know that, in the hands of cunning, they may be made, while success attends them, to move like a rock rolling down a mountain. It shall be my care to set that rock rolling, and to see that nothing opposes a successful resistance to it. Saving yourself, and those who may belong to you, not another white man shall live ; I will sweep them

from the earth, as a high wind drives along a crowd of locusts. And now, in your turn, listen. I have need of a bold and resolute white man, one gifted with the quickness and ability of his race to trace as well as to decipher the scrolls, to us characters of mystery, but to them plain as foot-marks in the wet sands of Gambia, by which they make known their thoughts one to another. Now, the only marks the Barb could ever make were with the point of a spear on the flesh of a foe. Be then my assistant, my prime minister, and after me the wearer of my crown. I shall have need of thy aid when, having firmly established my empire, the messengers of other nations shall crowd around me to solicit my friendship, and form treaties with the 'King of the Islands.'"

"Mad visionary!"

"Not so. It may be, that I, in the attempt I am about to make, shall perish, though no such presentiment be mine, but *my* fall would not render less certain the fulfilment of my prediction that all these islands will eventually become the property of the negro. Can it be that the strong shall always submit to the weak? that the

fifty shall always bare their backs to a lash held by the one? that the man shall continue for ever to say to the child 'ride thou me with a spur and use it freely?' No, and it were better worthy of thy sagacity to foresee and provide for a thing so sure to happen, than to remain a sceptic to a truth so obvious. Accept my offer, and be my partner in the glorious enterprise."

"Never. May God cast me out from present and future mercy, if I hear your horrid suggestions without an absolute loathing of him that utters them."

"Know, then, that, from the first moment of your landing, I marked you out as mine—mine you are and mine you shall be. I learned the story of your life, I studied your character, I heard you was pennyless, I believed you ambitious, and supposed that the brilliant offers I should make you would win you to my purpose. You had not been landed six hours when my emissaries informed me that "*The man was found.*" From that hour, in all your wanderings, whether in town or country, whether by night or day, my eye has been upon you."

"You have been, then, a spy upon my actions?"

"If to keep myself informed of your actions make that which you denominate a spy, then is the epithet mine. But time wears, and I have much to do before the sun rises. Once again I ask you,—will you be my partner in the career of glory?"

"And I answer—'Never.' And would to God that my arguments could prevail upon you to give over that which makes a scaffold as surely yours as there is a sky above us. Farewell!"

"Stay; you go not yet. I have already taken too much pains to obtain you to part with you lightly: and you have too many secrets of mine in your keeping to permit you longer to go at large, professing abhorrence for that which I view as just and righteous, and more than half intimating your intention to betray me."

"I do not intimate—I avow it! I declare my intention, unless you will give over your schemes of revolt, to prepare the civil authorities for the contemplated rising, and to give them the service of my sword."

With the rapidity of lightning he threw his

gigantic arms around me, and held me fast with the ease that I could a child of four. At the same moment he gave a loud whistle; a door at the further end of the vaulted space was opened, and half a dozen negroes entered from a concealed apartment beyond it. Knowing that my endeavours to release myself would be ineffectual, I made a virtue of necessity, and submitted to be bound.

“You will not betray me now,” said he. “Young man, it is very unwillingly that I put you under duress, but my own safety and the safety of my cause and countrymen demand that mild restraint should, for a time, be yours—that is, unless you embrace my offer, and become one and amongst the greatest of us. Again I renew that offer.”

“And again I reject it.”

“Be content, then, to wear chains, without the right to ask for your life, or any other boon, when we shall think proper to cast them off. Farewell! Before you behold the beams of the second sun he will have lighted us to a glorious emancipation.”

“Perhaps so. Yet I feel a presentiment that I

shall yet confront you in a field where we may cross swords, and try our superiority."

"I could easily spoil your presentiment, and forestall your revenge, but I will not interfere with the 'intimation of Providence;' and for your revenge, let it come; it will find me cool and ready."

"Barb of the Desert! that which I could not do for myself I will do for another: I beg the life of Margaretta Shadwell."

"It is not mine to bestow; I have no power over her life. She has been marked out as the victim of another. It is not necessary that I should say who that other is, for you know her well:—the partner of my glorious daring—if it be what I esteem it; of my crimes—if I am criminal; of my empire—if I succeed; of my tomb—if I fall; the original instigator of this rebellion, Orina Shadwell."

"Orina Shadwell? The creature of hell!"

"Speak not too loud, she may hear you. I have twice, thrice—for my own purposes, saved you from her fury. Once in the orangery, once among the Liguanean Mountains, and once since you have been in this neighbourhood—you are

surprised—has my arm arrested the death-blow aimed at you by this wild girl.”

“ She is near, then ?”

“ She is; a tap on a goombay would bring her instantly into our presence.”

“ Can you tell me what became of the English officer, Mapletoft, whom I attempted to save from the dark intrigue she had projected, and to whose malignity, doubtless, I owed the attempt at assassination in the Shadwell-gardens ?”

“ No such thing. He had taken that method which is in use among your race to settle quarrels, and never took any other; but Orina, at my instigation, and by some cunning lie, turned away the “ friend,” and intercepted the letter, which called you out to decide it in single combat. I would not permit you to risk your life, for I then hoped it might be made available to my purposes.”

“ But you permitted it to be attempted in the Shadwell-gardens.”

“ I knew nothing of that attempt till it had been made, nor of the subsequent one amongst the Liguanean Mountains, till I heard the screams of your intended wife. But there was this dif-

ference,—that the former I had not foreseen, the latter I had, and guarded against. I had not supposed that Orina would dare raise her hand against any one whom she knew I would protect; but even I, who knew her best, had not fathomed the resistance of her wild will to whatever would thwart her vengeance. We have, at length, come to a division of spoils; you are mine and the sister is hers. She has given me that pledge which she dare not break,—that she will no more attempt your life; and I have said that she may do with her sister what shall please her best, unchecked by any efforts of mine to save her.”

“ I owe my life to the care and tenderness of Margaretta Shadwell. But for me, she would, perhaps, have been a happy wife, and far removed from the horrors which your ambition threatens.”

“ I have no time to hear the silly speeches of a boy. And yet, if you will consent to link your fortunes with mine, it will be something to think of. Take this sword, (he produced a noble blade,) draw it when you see me draw mine, and for the same purpose, and I will *ask* that your bride be

spared, nay more, it *shall* be done. Otherwise, and if you refuse, I stir not in the matter, and vengeance shall have its course upon her devoted head."

I repeated my refusal in the words I had formerly used; upon which he spoke to the two negroes who stood next us, and bade them guard me into another room. His orders were, that I should be strictly watched, plentifully fed, and be allowed to converse with no one unless he was present. And then he left the apartment.

It had not escaped my observation, and I have always been surprised that it did his, that one of the two negroes appointed to watch over me had, during the whole dialogue, regarded me with great kindness and interest. I had no recollection whatever of his features, and was entirely at a loss at what period to date the commencement of an acquaintance, remembered on one part and forgotten, together with its causes, on the other. This, however, is often the case where there is a great disparity in the condition of the parties. To receive a bow from one much above him, forms quite

an epoch in the life of one in a humble condition, but not *vice versa*. "I have, probably, nodded to Ebony," said I, mentally, "or I have pulled the ear of one of his tadpoles." It had been a favourite amusement in my walks to play with the little negroes; and now, perhaps, I was to have my ears filled with a tale of my condescension; which, if it should be as long, as tiresome, and as little to the purpose as negro set speeches of thanks usually are, would be enough to make me forswear all kinds of benevolence ever after.

They conveyed me to the apartment which was to be my prison; and having properly secured all the outlets, which were very numerous, for the entire hill was scooped out, and parcelled into different rooms, and put additional restraints upon my limbs, they left me to temporary repose. I had some considerable need of rest, for I was not yet fully recovered from my wounds, and, besides, had been upon my feet at least seventeen hours; under the double cause, sleep, that comforter which man often woos in vain, came almost as soon as my head was laid upon its pillow of leaves.

I once offered to make a bet that I would try

the two several states ten times in the space of one hour, so rapid could I make my transitions from one to the other. It is a fact that I have enjoyed a sound and refreshing sleep, and known, at the same time, every thing that was passing around me just as well as if I had been awake. There was the "continuance of enduring thought," perception remained unblunted, and remembrance was perfectly awake—indeed it was more keenly vivacious than ever. It was this habit, possessed by very few, and one for which its possessor should not be envied, for, like listening, it sometimes obliges a man to "hear no good of himself," that made me privy to a dialogue conducted by two females, who entered soon after my guards had left me.

"He sleeps," said one of them.

"He does," said the other; "strange he can do so, when he knows the horrors which are being acted around him. Is it the calmness that arises from a good conscience? is it the soldier's hard-acquired habit of accommodating himself to every occurrence, without seeming to be borne down by them? or, is it the weakness

arising from a recovery but partial, which has called deep slumber to his eyes, and for a while sealed up the fountain of his cares?"

"Or—does he—‘sham Abraham,’ and merely pretend to sleep."

"I have already seen and heard enough of him to make me sure that he is incapable of any subterfuge or evasion."

"You seem of late to be, I mean for the last twenty-four hours, much interested in this young American, Orina?"

"When did you ever know me to be otherwise than interested—for a time, in a handsome youth, and a soldier? Besides, I have hitherto dealt him nothing but blows; it were Christian-like to bestow a few smiles upon him:—the Samaritan cured wounds inflicted by others, I those inflicted by myself."

"Your meaning is that you are about to make him the object of some seven days guilty idolatry, —when satiety comes of eternal hatred and reprobation. I know you. But, remember, you are no longer mistress of your own will. He to whom

you are wedded in this revolt, fierce and suspicious by nature, is rendered still more so by the blood he has tasted—as the serpent of the Gambia, when he has made a human victim, remembering the sweet repast, repairs, daily, to the same spot, for moons after, in hopes of renewing the banquet. If the Barb suspects you of infidelity, he will, more out of inborn cruelty than any value he affixes to the exclusive possession of your person and regard, sever your head from your body with as little reluctance or compunction as he would crush a fellow being in the way of his ambition.”

“ I know him vile ; but—but why should I attempt to disguise the fact ? I beat him there—I am viler than he. And as to restraint, I never knew it—I will not learn it now. The Barb cannot spare me till his purpose is completed ; mine, that, having the same object in view, demands his aid, will be accomplished at the same time ; then see which will be most prompt in administering a death-potion to the other. It will be a hard battle, but I shall win it.

"Take my advice, and suspend, at least for the present, all attempts to make this young man's acquaintance."

"I will: I will just awake him but to hear him speak, and follow you."

"Awake!" said she, stooping at the side of my rude pallet, and touching my shoulder lightly, but keeping her eye on her retiring partner; "awake, I have something to say to you."

"What would you with me?" I demanded, continuing the dialogue which my drowsiness rendered impersonal.

"Forgiveness."

"Take it, and leave me; I wish to sleep."

"Rather wake, and let your pardon be the act of full consciousness of what you are doing—otherwise it were valueless."

"Well, and what is it you want?" I asked.

"That you should cease to remember me as your enemy, and grant me your friendship."

"My forgiveness you have. Whether I can grant you that which, to be heartfelt and permanent, must have its foundation in kind offices, and

be afterwards preserved by their repetition, I leave it to yourself to answer."

"I have, indeed, done you wrongs. I repent of them. Let us be friends (she dropped her voice) in time, perhaps more; great events are being born; let me whisper in your ear that your own fortunes are connected with them. This is not an auspicious time to speak out—the frown gathering on your brow tells me that 'you are wax to receive, and marble to retain'—not love, but the remembrance of injuries. You treasure up old grudges as an antiquary does scarce coins. I go, take that, (kissing my hand,) and remember our acquaintance ends not here."

I was happy, upon any conditions, to be rid of this vile creature, and, though I could hardly deem that the kiss had failed to blister, I was content to bear even the cautery of her lips rather than have had her continue longer in the prison.

Her retirement was the signal for the entrance of another actor in the drama—the negro, whose behaviour implied recognition. After carefully examining every nook and recess, to see that no

I person was in hearing, he proceeded to disburthen himself of his secret, and give vent to his gratitude. He was the father of the infant I had purchased in the Kingston slave-market, and restored to its distracted mother. It was now, he assured me, a fat, plump, hearty 'bug of a ting,' and, with its mother, was at a plantation not more than three miles distant. Abraham, for he had dropped his African name, and been baptized, had engaged in this conspiracy only for the preservation of his benefactor and his master's family, whom he loved with great affection, and he would quit it the moment he had matured his plans for their protection, and the suppression of the revolt. He was a very shrewd and sagacious fellow, and was master of all the details of the contemplated rising. He knew the exact number of the rebels, knew where the first bomb would explode, and which was the *point d'appui*, the *fulcrum*, or prop, of the insurrection. He reasoned with the tact of a politician, and, withal, told a story which had a more direct application to the subject than many I have heard repeated with a show of wisdom, and rewarded with the applause of a dinner-party or a crowd.

Having already given more colloquial matter in the broken dialect of the negro than I fear will be acceptable to my readers, I will relate Abraham's story in my own language, at the same time declaring my opinion that conversations should always be reported word for word, and letter for letter.

It was not a very profound anecdote. It was this: that "he had seen, on the coast of Africa, down around Anna Bona and the Bite of Benin, whales struck by the harpooner, and a death-wound inflicted at the outset. Nevertheless, those same monsters of the deep would, afterwards, and with the death-barb in their *hearts*, have what the whalers called a "flurry," which would sometimes last an hour, during which it was almost impossible to keep out of the way of their blind and misdirected fury. They would lash their tails about, throw vast quantities of water into the air, bellow like a hundred mad bulls, sometimes literally eat up their enemies' boat, oars, whaling-gear and all, and then—die. It would be something after this manner that the revolted slaves would conduct themselves upon the few first days after

the tocsin of revolt should be sounded. The rebellion would be ended in a week after it began. A journal of the occurrences, written beforehand, would be found to require but little alteration afterwards. Monday and Tuesday, indiscriminate massacre and pillage; Wednesday and Thursday, general drunkenness and riot; Friday, quarrelling and bloodshed amongst themselves; Saturday, an engagement with, and defeat by, the white people; Sunday, capture, or voluntary surrender; Monday, hanging or burning of the ringleaders, with a decent flogging of their followers, and there would be an end of the business."

I told him I thought he had not made a sufficient allowance for the great abilities and wonderful influence of the military chief, and the principal Obeah man. This he denied. He admitted their talents and power, that they were both worshipped and feared, but said they were incapable of animating their followers with the spirit necessary to ensure a long-continued series of success.

"Why not nip this rebellion in the bud," I demanded, "by going and disclosing it at once?"

"The dying whale must have its flurry, and

none may venture, with safety, to oppose it while the death-fit lasts. The organization is so complete, and the explosion takes place so soon, that nothing can be done to arrest it. Nor could I find means to warn the devoted of their danger. There is an eye upon me that never sleeps, a foot going its round of observation that never tires: even to do that which I will dare every hazard to do requires more wit and wisdom than I possess, combined with the occurrence of a more fortunate moment than may ever happen."

"Leave me to my fate," said I, "and exert yourself to save my betrothed."

"I cannot, I should not be allowed to leave the cavern. She is, however, safe for twenty-four hours more, and, before that time has passed away, an attempt, for which you will hold yourself in readiness, must be made to loose your chains."

He left me, and I composed myself to sleep again.

When I waked, which was not till a very late hour in the morning, I found myself stiff with cold, and almost unable to rise. The covering af-

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me in
doors

fording me had been quite insufficient to meet the chills of the season and particular region. A breakfast of warm gruel imparted some degree of activity to my limbs, and the assurance of my friend Abraham that our prospects were looking better, by re-awakening hope, imparted a glow almost as substantial as that produced by the hot "porridge" and bannocks of the grateful Ebo. The day passed away without any occurrence of much importance, but the night brought a renewal of the scenes which had been acted on the previous night, and gave birth to events which helped the drama to a speedy and fitting conclusion.

My negro keeper, with a sense of propriety and good breeding not common to the race, had timed my meals to the usual hour of serving them amongst the white people. At nine o'clock came breakfast, at one dinner, and, at six supper. While he was serving the latter he found an opportunity to inform me that the Barb, suspicious of my finding amongst the negroes a friend to aid me in escaping, had barred up all the various doors and entrances to my apartment, save one,

and at that door had stationed his own brother. Abraham said, the rebels had become so furious, that he was apprehensive their hands would not be kept from me much longer, and the more, as the Barb, from some unguarded expression of his partner in guilt, signifying a growing interest in my fortunes, having conceived a jealousy of me, would not, he believed, be inclined to protect me any longer, but rather incite his myrmidons to put me out of the way at once. I had but one chance for escape, and that was to disguise myself, and attempt to pass through the crowd which were met for the purpose of holding a revel of the same revolting description as the last. This was my only chance, and I chose to attempt it in preference to remaining where I was, with the anxiety I felt on account of another, and the growing apprehension that my own destiny was, every moment, assuming a bleaker aspect.

The negro produced a mask, which fitted me well, and a suit of clothes which did not, but this was of little consequence. How I was to evade suspicion on some other points puzzled

me as much as the finding a pistareen, where a Yankee had never been, did the Spanish traveller.* I would freely, just then, have given a pound of gold for a pound of lips, and readily exchanged my two violet eyes for a pair of genuine saffron and daisy orbs. Had there been a negro present I am not sure that I should not have tried the process in use amongst the Crackers for exchanging eyes.† And had one at that moment

* Amongst the coins most current in New England are two, one bearing a head, and on the reverse two pillars, worth twenty-five cents; and a pistareen, bearing the head, but no pillars on the reverse, worth twenty cents. It has been charged as exclusively a "Yankee trick," that the traders of New England are in the habit of buying up the latter coin, taking them to a part of the country where, from their unfrequency, the difference is not readily perceived, and of passing them as, and for the value of, the former coin. To see a pistareen in a country is supposed to declare its having been visited by a Yankee.

† The word "Cracker" is applied, in the Southern States of America, to the wagoners from the upper or interior country. They are a very barbarous set, and much addicted to the inhuman practice of *gouging*, or taking out the eyes of their opponents in fighting. It is performed by twisting the fore-

made my nose as flat as a pancake, my gratitude would have been without bounds. There was, however, a hope that I might pass muster, even without the nasal and labial glories of the African.

The sentinel was a dull, savage-looking being, more than half asleep, and we got by him without any difficulty. At the further end of the aisle was a low door : we opened it, and passed into a cavern, filled with innumerable splendours, and hung with a gorgeous magnificence of design and execution. Here were glittering stalactites, pillars of crystal encrusted with wavy gold, emitting a thousand varied hues, emerald, sapphire, ruby, &c. &c. all in

finger in a lock of hair near the temple, and turning the eye out of the socket with the thumb nail. Probably, the story referred to in the text is this :—A Cracker, who had lost an eye, repaired to a surgeon to have one put in. He first took a grey eye out of his pocket—that remaining in his head was blue,—the surgeon remarked they were not fellows ; he then drew out a black one ; at last, getting vexed that he was not able to “ sort them,” he took out a whole handful, of all colours and sizes, and gave them to the surgeon. “ There, d——n you,” said he, “ pick and choose for yourself.”

seeming mockery of the attempts of man to gild the domes of his less fanciful creation. These natural wonders have been so often described that I cannot well say anything of this before us without falling insensibly into plagiarism. It was a very small cavern, but this rendered the lamps more effective, and gave out a reflected magnificence which had been wanting had it been of larger dimensions.

It was filled with rebels. They were about something like a coronation of the Barb and his vile partner. It followed that, unacquainted with the usual and appropriate ceremonies, the assembly, excepting the two principal personages, ragged, stupid, and pie-bald, they would but caricature the spectacle which is often so truly august and imposing. And yet here was a hall more resplendent than any that ever witnessed the inauguration to empire of an Eastern monarch.

"King Tacky" and his queen were seated on two raised seats, intended to represent thrones. Though the ragged beings around gave you rather a mean opinion of their majesties' subjects, there

was nothing less than regality in the appearance and port of the two principal personages. I have already said that the Barb looked a king, and Orina, magnificently dressed, and beautiful as a mere mortal could well be, seemed another imperial Cleopatra, about to commit herself to the waves of the Cydnus. I never saw any being so beautiful and, at the same time, so majestic and dignified as this Mustee girl. Endowed with the same opportunities as the Egyptian queen, and giving to her will the same unregulated sway, she would have lost another fond and foolish triumvir—a world.

It had been settled between me and Abraham to steal out the first moment we could do so unobserved. I had already given my companion a broad hint how uneasy my situation was becoming, when a movement of the crowd so completely barred up the door-way that, if we attempted to leave the cavern we should have to make our way out by main force, a proceeding that would certainly rouse suspicion and lead to my detection. Now one entered whose room, at this precise junct-

ture of time, would have been far better than his company, the affectionate but blundering and bull-headed Jallah, whose exposure of me would certainly follow recognition. There was, however, but little chance that he would know me when the disguise was so perfect as to deceive even the shrewd leader of the revolt.

The occasion which had moved the crowd to a blocking up of the door-way was to give an opportunity for another display of eloquence. The reader will not expect that I should report a second set of negro orations. They were principally a statement of claims for prior vengeance. One had been starved, another had been beaten, a third thrust himself forward to beg that a flogging given him by his mistress for stealing one of her laced night-caps, to bestow upon his lady-love, might be remembered and requited; a fourth demanded judgement, with some show of reason, for he had, in truth, been shockingly mangled; and a fifth assigned no cause whatever, but stood gnashing his teeth and rolling his eyes like a fiend. For a time there was a complete hell of tumult;

it was ten minutes before quiet could be restored, and then only when the Barb raised his voice and commanded silence, declaring that he himself would "adjudge the prize." After conferring a moment with his "queen," he said, in consideration that Bonafou, the Obeah man, had been among the foremost in getting up the revolt, and withal was Obi, and stood well with the Spirit of Evil, it should be his to name the victim for the night. Judge of my horror when I heard him name Margaretta. He described her with such accuracy that there could be no dispute who was meant. He spoke of her skin, white as the lily, of her stature like the palm-tree, her step rivalling in fleetness the ostrich's, and extended the commendatory parallel to her other charms and excellencies. Does not the reader suspect the atrocious purpose of this harangue? It was to inflame their brutal passions and render more horrid the consummation of their revenge and hatred of the white people.

The Barb informed his followers that he should set off next morning for Spanish Town and Six-

teen-Mile-Walk to see that effectual measures were taken for the revolt of the slaves at those places, on the same day, and at the same hour that their own rising would take place.

CHAPTER X.

THE scene of my adventures changes from the cavern to the woods in the vicinity of the Mountain House. I have escaped from the former undetected, and, accompanied by the grateful Abraham and the affectionate Jallah, who, by mere chance, left the cavern at the same moment, and to whom I made myself known, am on the way to snatch Margareta from the impending fate. I left the rebels busy in cooking a white man, whose blood, having previously mixed gunpowder with it, they used to dip their plantains in.

As we were toiling up the hill, in front of the dwelling, we saw, from time to time, what boded mischief. There were sparkles flying about in the direction of the cottage and the out-houses, indicating an attempt to fire them. Suddenly a

spire of flame shot up from the principal building, and this was succeeded by a loud shout. We gained the top of the hill as speedily as possible, and saw, by the glare of light, a company of negroes employed in burning it. I sent Abraham, not to see what they were about—that was apparent, but to learn, if possible, what had become of Margaretta. He returned with the information that she had been removed but a few minutes before, but whither his informant would not say. Something was hinted about a glen and a lover amongst the Blue Mountains. Jallah knew the negro who made the boast; he had once been a brother-runaway from the same master. They had taken temporary refuge in a wild and rugged glen, which he suspected was the spot to which Margaretta had now been borne. My resolution was taken instantly to follow them.

It was about ten o'clock when we commenced our journey, and we travelled without intermission till near the dawn of day. But though we were industrious, our progress was comparatively small.

Our way was indeed "tangled and sore," ten thousand vines and creepers interrupted our path, briars tore our flesh and clothes, we fell into gullies, and otherwise met with losses, crosses, and disappointments. To add to our difficulties, about five o'clock the faithful Jallah fell ill, and we were compelled to rest. The sky began to grow black and dismal, and there was every indication of the approach of a thunder storm. To be unable to find shelter in a tropical shower, even at the comparatively dry period of spring, is a misfortune which the experienced in that sort of thing avoid as much as possible. My companions knew what was about to take place, but, paralysed by the succession of incidents through which they had passed in the last twenty-four hours, and exhausted by fatigue, were even less able than myself to suggest an expedient.

Whilst we were debating what to do, and perplexed in the extreme, it began to thunder heavily, and the rain to fall in torrents. But our safety, and other important events to be detailed hereafter, grew out of our present distress. A flash of

lightning revealed to us a cabin situated on the declivity of the hill upon which we stood. It was but a short distance from us, and so nearly hidden by brushwood and gigantic herbage that our eyes had dwelt upon that very spot for minutes, and whilst the flashes had been equally vivid, without detecting the most prominent object. Neither of my companions knew where we were. It would have been strange if they had, for those chains, or lines of glens, called "cock-pits," which run the whole length of the island, have as little variety as the prairies in Western America. When you have seen five miles of them, you may compile a description of the whole hundred and fifty, and be quite sure that you have omitted nothing which was necessary to give a full and correct idea of the whole. "They are," saith one, (I use very nearly his words,) "natural basins bounded by stupendous rocks, on the south side almost inaccessible, and on the north absolutely perpendicular, communicating with each other by fissures, irregular, narrow, steep, and rugged, through which flow innumerable rills to luxuriate and fatten the soil."

It was now so near morning that I thought it best not to disturb the tenants of the dwelling. It was necessary that we should rest and refresh ourselves, but we could obtain the former in the veranda, and do without the latter until the sleepers should have risen to the labours or the pleasures of the day.

I remarked, in the first volume, on the awe impressed upon us by thunder heard in darkness amidst mountains, especially if you are not accustomed to it. Never does the soul receive more sublime impressions of the vastness of Deity than during such a scene; and that where my fortunes were now cast was calculated to realise those impressions in a remarkable degree. Flashes, intensely vivid, lighting up the foliage of the hoary and gigantic trees, and revealing, each moment, immense barriers of stone towering perpendicularly into mid-heaven! the report of the past electric shock reaching you in many a loud and long reverberation, mingled with the momentary concussion, whilst squalls of wind swept down the long dim avenues! Most of my readers have heard thunder,

doubtless: but what is the thunder of Europe, or even of the American States, to that one hears at the Line, where a storm shall commence at the sunrise of a summer's day, and continue till sunset, without five minutes intermission of the peal. I have heard thunder in divers places in Europe, but it is there merely the cracking in your hands of an egg-shell compared to that which takes place at the Equator.

About sunrise it ceased, and the skies cleared up. Had we consulted propriety, we should have been content with having found a shelter from the tempest, and departed as we came, without disturbing the people of the house. The negroes were sure we should find plantation comforts within two miles, and they were sure that such were not to be had in this lone and desolate place, of which they had already conceived a very ill opinion. I know not why it was that I was so anxious to stop till the people of the house had risen—my doing so was inexplicable. My companions, seeing me peremptory, gave in, though very unwillingly, thus pre-

senting that rare problem—negroes seeking action, and a proverbially impatient white man shunning it.

It was not till the sun had been an hour above the welkin that we began to note those commotions which attend the breaking up of a sleeping household. First of all window-shutters, here acting in the threefold capacity of shutter, sash, and pane, were thrown aside, and the doors opened. Next a couple of dogs were turned out; they were soon followed by a negro yawning and stretching himself, in search of the materials for a fire to cook the morning repast. Seeing a white stranger in the walk he went and reported the circumstance to his master, who presently came to us. He was a short, thin man, with a complexion of the hue of mahogany, a nose enormously Roman and classical, bushy gray eye-brows, and a countenance as void of expression as the statue of King Charles at Charing-cross. I told him my story briefly, and attempted to apologise for the use I had made of his verandah, but finding that politeness and breeding would be thrown away

here, I turned the discourse to the anticipated revolt of the slaves, which I assured him was so well and so generally organised, that, if it was not checked in the outset, there would not be a white person breathing upon the island that day month. To all this his only reply was "gad so!" and such odd expressions. At last, when I was upon the point of requesting him to allow me to see whether he had the ventricles or hollow bags in the neck which receive the air through the "rima glottidis," and to examine the position of the "foramen magnum occipitis," whereby I might settle in my own mind whether he was a man or a monkey, he asked, but with an obvious wish that I should say "no," if I could make a breakfast of fried yam and *couti*. I hurried out a "yes," with great promptitude, for I was very hungry.

"Come into the shed, then," said he.

Breakfast was soon prepared and brought in. It consisted of yams roasted, fried, boiled, and raw—I am not sure but there were other preparations of yams. In the middle of the table there was a dish of fried agouti—an animal, in size,

between a rabbit and a rat, and in flavour like nothing I ever tasted. A cup of coffee, which being made from berries not sufficiently dry, had an unpleasant taste of oil, and so strong that I felt its effects upon my nerves till next day, and raw rum, above proof, for those who liked it, were the liquids. There was a roasted opossum, which, very much to my relief, my host appropriated to himself.

During breakfast he continued as obstinately silent as ever. I endeavoured to draw him into conversation, but my endeavours were not crowned with success. When I paid him my thanks for the entertainment he had afforded me, with an obvious improvement from his morning manners, he invited me to "rest and be fed for the day," though using fewer words than I ever knew used upon the like occasion, yet convey a meaning, and be, in themselves, a sentence. It appeared not to be a natural, but an acquired taciturnity—growing out of a long habit of avoiding conversation, which might lead to dangerous disclosures. I have frequently remarked that four out of five of the "still bodies"

have not become silent members of society, in consequence of their receiving no pleasure from the use of the organs of speech, but from habitual caution, and the policy of non-committal.

I had determined, on account of Jallah, to remain here till after dinner. The day was Sunday, a day which is not well observed in the West Indies. I do not speak of the islands where the Catholic religion prevails, but of Jamaica, Barbadoes, Dominica, &c. where obedience to the commandment is expected. In the Catholic islands, as in the parent countries of those islands, men go pretty generally to mass, though they pass from it to the ball or billiard room; but, the Protestants enact the latter violation without the, in some measure, redeeming observance.

After breakfast my host took his gun, and sallied out to the fields, and the two negro domestics of the establishment employed themselves in nursing and comforting Jallah in an outhouse. Left alone, and thrown, from want of books, upon the usual resource of the traveller whose horse falls lame, loses a shoe, or is being given a feed, or while dinner is

preparing, or—once a cause of delay to myself, whilst the overseers of the highways were employed in making them passable, I strolled out to the vicinity.

The troublesome, and oftentimes impertinent, curiosity of my countrymen has been so fully commented upon, both by writers among themselves, and by foreigners, that it seems hardly necessary to acknowledge that it is, indeed, a national passion and failing. All mankind have it more or less, but no where else is it so greedy and insatiable as in America. Nothing escapes the scrutiny of a Yankee, he will enter the den of a wolf, or pry into a hornet's nest as faithfully, and with as much pleasure, as he will probe an ambassador on the secrets of his mission, a traveller on the objects of his journey, or his neighbour on his private affairs and duties.*

* My readers are, no doubt, familiar with the story of Dr. Franklin. He was travelling, in New England, and, upon his arrival at a tavern, took a ready way of disposing of the interrogatories which were sure to be put. "Landlord," said he, "have you a wife?" "Yes, sir." "Call her in. Have you children?" "Yes, sir." "How many?" "Seven." "Call

An excellent drama might be woven out of this failing, were it not for the disposition to caricature, which generally prevents a correct delineation of national manners on the stage.

I do not look upon this failing of my countrymen in so bad a light as some have done, nor often indulge in berating it. I consider that men would do as poorly without curiosity, as they would without the much-banned vice of ambition, which, while it once made devils of angels, has oftener helped on the nearest approach that a human being can make to the contrary—may I use the phrase—apotheosis. The world would not be worth living in were it not for the ambition of its inhabitants. As women are the correctors of our manners, so ambition is the prompter of our spirits to noble and heroic deeds. The curiosity of my countrymen is nothing but an ardent love of knowledge, the

them in." They were all brought in, and made to give attention to what the visiter would say. "Listen attentively," he began. "My name is Benjamin Franklin, I have a wife and several children, I live in Philadelphia, and am travelling upon public business, but what it is I shall not tell you. You may go."

fault of Prometheus a little strained. It is for this reason that I do not think it necessary to apologise for entering a low door, cut in the solid rocks of a precipitous crag, at the distance of some forty rods from the cabin. I declare, solemnly, I had no other object in doing so than to —see what there was inside ! I supposed it might be a former hiding place of the Maroons, or a cave constructed for a retreat, or for the deposit of valuable property, in case there should be a revolt of the slaves. But impertinent curiosity is always ready with its whys and wherefores. Opening the door, I found myself in an apartment, perhaps thirty feet long, and half as many broad, lofty, arched, and tolerably lighted by fissures in the roof, and by several artificial contrivances. It was evidently a grotto, fashioned by the hand of nature, but improved by art.

Its inmates were two, a white woman and a young mulatto girl. The former appeared about forty years of age, and, though apparently enjoying good health, was pale as a winding-sheet. She was diligently employed, at my entrance, sewing

upon one of those gowns of the coarse German fabric, called Osnaburg, which are the general wear of the female slaves, indeed, of both sexes. She did not raise her eyes till at least a minute after my entrance, which I supposed to express disapprobation of my intrusion. Having satisfied myself that it contained no Maroons; that the floor was covered with mats; that there were the principal utensils used in house-keeping, upon the limited scale of allowing nothing more than is absolutely necessary, I turned to leave the apartment, grotto, or by whatever other name it might be called. It was at this moment that the lady, raising her eyes to the light, for the purpose of turning down the seam in her work, caught a view of me, and started to her feet.

“God has then heard my prayers,” she exclaimed, “and has permitted me to look once more upon the face of one of my own race and colour.”

She advanced with a tottering and enfeebled step, though her features did not appear to be those of an aged person, but rather of one not past the middle age. “Are you an Englishman?”

“ I informed her that I claimed to be descended from that people, and though born in the New World, was sufficiently proud of my descent to feel pleasure in asserting it in all companies.”

“ Your speech, how delighting and delightful ! It is the first time for many years that I have heard the tones of my own beautiful and noble tongue, otherwise than in the broken dialect of a mulatto girl and the muttered threats of a ruffian. The accent sounds in my ear like the tones of a fondly remembered friend. And your flesh ! how fresh, and new, and worldlike it is ?” and she examined my skin as curiously as a child would that of a peach. “ And may you not be sent to deliver me from this horrid bondage ?”

“ If deliverance be deserved, fear not, madam, that you have found one who will, at least, attempt to set you free. Yet, allow me to ask from what am I to liberate you ?”

“ From this dungeon—in which I have now been confined for twelve long and tedious years.”

“ A prisoner in this land of liberty and law ?”

“ A prisoner in this land of liberty and law ! Wonder not at the circumstance ; for, know there

are, amongst the mountains of Jamaica, fastnesses as well fitted for the perpetration of murder, and all the horrors that stalk in its train, as can be found in Spain or Italy. And let but the spirit be abroad in this island which filled the baronial castles of the feudal ages with guilt and crime, and as many opportunities shall be afforded the knight for righting oppressed dames, and chastising the tyrants, as ever occurred at any period of the world. For twelve years I have been immured in this dungeon, during which I have never beheld a face whiter than that wench's, save a growling and beastly keeper's, never heard other voices than those of the twain, never once beheld the blessed sun, except when, now and then, a straggling ray creeps through the fissures or yon shrub-encased apologies for windows, never felt the blessed winds breathe on my brow, nor heard the warbling of birds or of rills, nor seen the stars or clouds, nor smelt the flowers, nor enjoyed any other of those pleasures which render life so charming. I could see the lightnings playing and hear the thunders rattling amongst the peaks of the mountains, but

alas ! remembrance told me that they came to cover the earth with verdure and beauty, and went to reveal blue skies and a serenity, of which I could never partake."

" And this in a land which boasts its chartered freedom ?"

" Yes ; and which, when I left it, was free. But how are those who administer the laws,—those, to whom is confided the protection of the weak from the oppressions of the strong, to know that justice has been outraged in the depths of the Blue Mountains of Jamaica ? My petitions could not reach them from this cavern, nor my tears and entreaties awaken commiseration, or bring succour, whilst they remained unseen and unheard."

" Permit me to ask you why you are here ?"

" I may say, ' alas ! father, I have sinned ; ' I may say that I have sinned against God and myself—as far as regards the former, to be expiated at his tribunal only ; and, oh, how deeply has expiation been made for the latter. I am here, young man, by the wickedness of others, and by my own weak reliance on the faith of a villain.

A deep and terrible penance have I paid for my transgressions. Twelve years endurance of gnawing remorse is no slight visiting of the youthful error of trusting a deceitful man, without the superadded miseries it has been mine to suffer."

"I am sure," said I, "that you have not deserved the treatment you have experienced."

"You shall hear my story and judge for yourself. Have no concern about the wench, she is deaf and dumb, or she would never have been left with me; and she has given us another bond for her silence—she has fallen asleep, and will not wake till she has been shook and pinched at least five minutes.

"Know, then, that I am an English woman, born in the county of Surrey, but educated and residing in England till my eighteenth year. Our family consisted of myself and two brothers; a fourth, the eldest child, died the day I was born. My father died when I was young, leaving us in very embarrassed circumstances, and for many years dependent on the rental of a small estate, possessed by our mother in her maiden right,

secured to her in strict settlement, and thus placed beyond the reach of the creditors of my father, who, at his decease, swept away every farthing of his property not so secured. My mother had a brother, who, while yet a boy, left England in the service of the East-India Company. After a long absence, he returned with a high military reputation, and with what, as far as substantial enjoyment—the sirloin-of-beef and bottle-of-claret happiness goes, is a great deal better, a large fortune.”

Each succeeding word and sentence of this narrative assisted to fasten on my mind the impression that I had heard the story before.

“I believe, madam,” said I, interrupting her, “that no part of the sketch you have given is new to me. Certain I am, that I have heard a story which, as far as you have related yours, is so much like it, that the coincidences would form a miracle if the story regarded two families, or distinct sets of persons. And yet I must be mistaken, for the names of those who were concerned in that which I heard were — Danvers.”

"And that is the name of my family. Who are you? speak! answer quick, for God's sake; a nephew, perhaps; but no—my brothers were both childless?"

"Not a nephew, madam," said I, but one who knows your brother well. Permit me to ask if I have not the pleasure of speaking to his long-lost sister?"

"You are indeed speaking to his sister: my name is, or was, Danvers."

"I know Temple Danvers well. It is not a year since I saw him."

Her inquiries, broken and disturbed by tears, and regrets poured out over her forfeited name and deceased friends, were now directed to obtain information of the living. She had not heard a syllable from any one of her family for three years before her imprisonment, of course nothing since; making, altogether, a period of near sixteen years that she had been in utter ignorance of everything relating to it. It was no time now to indulge her painful interest in the family history. She was to be liberated; and not a moment was to be lost in

doing it ; since, if my design were suspected before it was put in execution, its defeat was nearly certain to ensue. I told her as much of the affairs of her family as I could in a five minutes' narrative, incessantly interrupted ; and heard from her, briefly, that she had been immured in this dungeon by the order of her husband, who was no other than the vile Shadwell ! My curiosity had then the double merit in my eyes, of liberating the sister of Judge Danvers and the mother of Margaretta.

I returned to the cabin by a circuitous path, so that I might not be suspected of knowing the secret till I was prepared to bid it cease to be one. The jailer had not returned from his morning excursion, and I had leisure to acquaint my negroes of my discovery, and to determine what I should do next. Having bound the two domestics, we set out to meet their master. We met him hurrying home, his brow clouded with suspicion and anxiety, which were not lessened by my immediate announcement, at the same moment, by a sudden effort, wrenching his fusee from him, of the discovery I had made. The wretch was quite too

callous and brutal either to feel or express compunction. He appeared to possess just that grade of intellect which fits a man for a jailer or a bum-bailiff, and to have acquired that insensibility to pain and misery, that perfect command over our own nerves, while our patient writhes under the amputating knife, which are the highest qualifications of a surgeon and a critic. Properly educated, he would have been invaluable in the cockpit of a man-of-war, while the legs and arms were being taken off, and capital at a reviewer's desk, while they were flaying and pickling a poor devil author.

He asked me "what I should do with him?"

I replied—just the double of that which he had done to the unfortunate being who had been for twelve years his prisoner. The same dungeon for twenty-four years; the duplicate of the same stripes; half as much food; two such companions, if they could be found; the same bare necessities; plenty as often as she had it; and starvation when she had not; as little of God's sun; and, if possible, twice as much of man's—or the Devil's

persecutions, as he had dealt out to his victim, should be his to bear and to suffer, if the Supreme Disposer of life and death saw fit to suffer him to contaminate the earth twenty-four years longer. All this, so helped me Heaven, I intended should be his expiation in this world.

The fellow shuddered at the prospect before him ; and knowing that I was sure to learn from the lady, if I had not already, how savage his treatment had been, he fell on his knees and begged for mercy, assuring me that he could make it worth my while to permit him to see the blessed sun for many years longer. He had been, he said, the tool, it was true, the wicked tool, but still the tool of another. He was at first drawn into crime by that man's persuasions, and afterwards fell so completely into his power, that he had to purchase his silence by unreservedly executing his commands. He had not been always so wicked.

I interrupted his exculpation, upon which I placed but little reliance, to demand in what way he could make it worth my while to forgive his past conduct, and shield him from inquiry.

"If it shall be found," said he, "that I have in my possession secrets which, divulged, will restore to the family of my prisoner an estate wrongfully withheld from them, will that act, setting aside its motives, be sufficient to procure me your pardon and endeavours to obtain for me the pardon of others?"

"It will."

"You swear it solemnly."

"I swear it solemnly. If you will divulge the secret which shall do what you intimate it has the power of doing, whatever your crimes may be, you shall never be informed against by me."

"Who knows," said he, half mentally, "that my own freedom, and return to a world I quitted reluctantly, may not grow out of this day's adventure? But, no; it may not be. I leave this wilderness but to hide my face in another, and, if earth has it, one still more secluded and impervious. Like the owl, I cannot open my eyes upon the day. All that I shall gain, then, will be, and that is much, to know that my steps are not watched day and night—that the

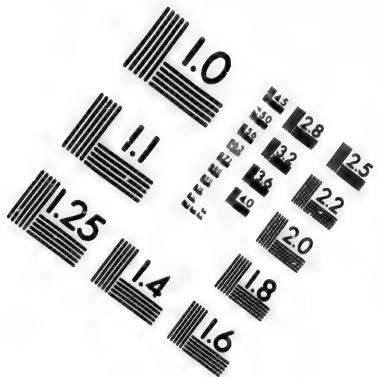
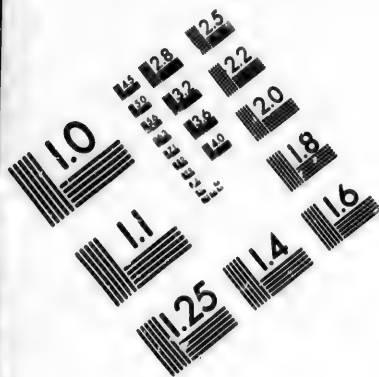
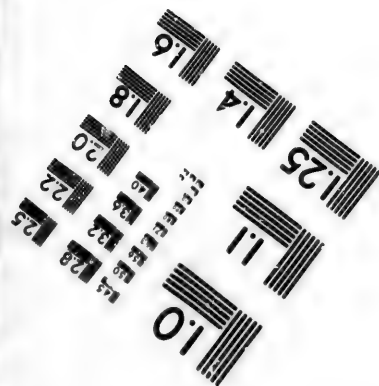
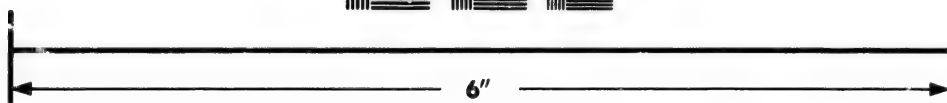
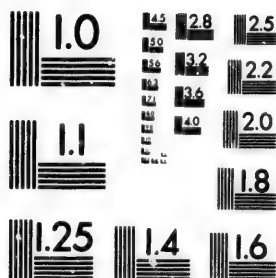
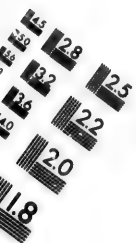


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jailer himself has snapt his chains and lost his master. No; I shall never see the beautiful and glorious island which gave me birth; no, never, while the—terrible word (he spoke low and hurriedly) MURDERER is written upon my brow. Well may you start; for I am that horrid creature—that accursed of God and man—one who, for gold, took the life of a fellow being, and he my own kind and indulgent master.”

“ Surely,” said I, your name must be Ritchings.”

“ No, not Ritchings; I was the accomplice of Ritchings. My name—when I was more honest than I am now, was—Grant; since I came to the island I have passed by the name of Bushwick.”

“ Another instance how villainy may hide itself under a show of goodness. You was thought, by the Danvers’ family, half a saint.”

“ I managed, as others have done, to seem that which I was not. You yourself, who saw me this morning, rude and boorish, apparently without the faculty of speech, and, certainly, without the grace of behaviour, may now see that I have words enough and to spare; and should, if it were neces-

sary, witness an equally rapid corrective applied to the other fault. I have been a creature of cunning and hypocrisy, obtaining credit for piety I never possessed, and passing off a smiling face for simplicity and honesty. Was it Mrs. Ritchings who spoke of me?"

I told him from whom I first heard his name.

"As you are acquainted with only a part of the story, perhaps you will like to hear the remainder—that which you will never hear, unless you hear it from me."

I signified my assent; and he began.

"I was many years in the service of General Luttrell, and was with him in all his eastern campaigns. Ritchings, who was ten years older than I, had been that length of time in his service when I entered it. I was young, and I believe I may say as near virtuous as servants can well be. That class of unfortunates are sure to copy all their masters' vices—if they have none, all those of their masters' friends. But Ritchings had fitted himself for the halter long before I knew him, and he soon qualified me for the same post, soon taught

me to be—in another way, as great a scoundrel as himself.

“ You are, doubtless, acquainted with the history of the family previous to the last and fatal visit made by General Luttrell to his sister, and knew that Ritchings and myself attended him on that visit. He was not in good health when we set out; but it was only the operation of a slow and gradual decline, a little accelerated by some trifling disappointment, I forget what—probably, he would have lasted a couple of years longer, but for the use of unfair means to hasten his end.

“ It was but two or three days after our arrival, that John Temple, the General’s nephew, began to sound us on the subject of taking him off. He began by asking questions about the poisons of the Hindoos, their modes of preparing and using them:—Were they slow or rapid in their effects? Were they sure to operate? Were the operators well paid? though that he need not ask, for he was sure they must be, &c. &c. At first, he put these questions to us with a serious and composed countenance; but gradually it became filled with dark

meaning, and shrugs, hints, and inuendoes were dealt out plentifully. He found penetrable materials to work upon. Before two days had elapsed, a regular treaty for the removal of the uncle had been entered into, and the time when and the price of blood stipulated. We were to receive five hundred pounds each ; but Ritchings, with greater cunning than I had ever given him credit for, made an additional and private bargain, and procured an augmentation of as many thousands—in the event of successfully completing the murder, and securing the wealth of the General to our employer.

“ It is known that the Hindoos, especially those of the higher castes, are remarkably skilful in the preparing, and expert in the administering, of poisons. They prepare them both in the shape of pills and liquids, and cause them to kill either immediately, or by a wasting away of the powers, either of the mind or the body, as may be desired. In some instances they produce insanity, with and, in others, without lucid intervals ; and sometimes destroy the intellect, whilst they excite the animal powers to greater vigour. They can be, and, by

those who make a trade of preparing the drugs, are so compounded as to destroy in a day or a year, to inflict exceeding torment, or to bring on death by lethargy and stupefaction.

“ I had made myself, while in India, an adept in the art of poisoning, and, when I returned to England, brought with me the various preparations which I had seen used there. I gave my excellent master one of these hellish compounds. It was calculated to produce death according to the strength of the constitution—his, excessively debilitated, yielded to it in less than three weeks. It was of the kind best adapted to our purpose—that which brought on a mild form of insanity with perfectly lucid intervals. It was during one of his fits of delirium that, under our persuasions, he executed the will under which John Temple now holds the estate of Bargholdt.

“ Throughout the judicial investigation that followed his death, I managed to keep my reputation unimpeached and to pass, with the Danvers family, for a simple, but honest fellow, one whose utmost turpitude consisted in his partiality to a ‘rowling

eye'—and whose propensity it was to speak truth, unless women were held out to him as an inducement to do otherwise. The truth was, that when I claimed my 'thirty pieces of silver,' from Temple, he refused, declaring that he would denounce me to the offended justice of my country,—the villain, to talk of justice!—if I dared to name the thing again. I told him of his own share of the transaction, he replied by daring me to prove one word of what I advanced. He was right, I could not. It was owing to this quarrel that I told the Danvers family the story which led to their instituting a judicial proceeding. Before the trial came on, however, Temple and I made up our quarrel, and he paid me the stipulated sum, which bought my absence from that part of the country. I contrived to elude the minute search of the Danvers, by retreating to a lonely and retired part of Wales, where I remained in strict privacy and seclusion, till I was wanted to aid in achieving another piece of villany."

The period taken up by this story had been sufficient to carry us from the place where I first

found the graceless villain to the door of the dungeon. We entered, and found the prisoner pacing the floor in great agitation, fearing that something had happened to me which might compel her to continue longer in durance. Her joy at the change in her prospects was so excessive and turbulent that I feared its effect upon her reason. We removed her, and constituted Bushwick tenant for the night, with my promise that his confinement should be but for that period.

The beams of an unclouded meridian sun falling upon eyes which have not felt them for twelve years will, at any time, go near to cause total blindness. I had taken the precaution to bring fan-palms, and such other screens and contrivances as the region afforded, but they were all inadequate to the purpose; and the light created such intolerable agony in her head, that I feared distraction would be the consequence. We managed, however, to get her into the cabin, and the next morning found her perfectly restored. The day proved rainy, which was fortunate, as the inducements to travel were thereby wanting,

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and a space, fortunately of alternate clouds and sunshine, was given to accustom her to this "fair new world." Withal, it afforded her an opportunity to conclude her history, which she did as follows.

CHAPTER XI.

" You are aware that the families of Danvers and Temple had never visited from the time that my uncle took up his residence with us.

" After General Luttrell's death, my cousin John came to reside at Bargholdt upon the estate left him by the former. Possessing a handsome person and winning address, he soon became a favourite in the neighbourhood. His character for fair and honourable dealing, kindness to his tenants and dependants, and other virtues, soon travelled to the ears of my mother, and she became anxious to have him visit our house. The opportunity for making up the breach between the families should not be neglected, she thought. ' The Good Book said let the sun go not down upon you in your anger—should one whose star of human existence was just dropping into the

Valley of the Shadow of Death entertain a grudge, and that against the family of an only sister? Might it not be possible that General Luttrell, to our own knowledge for a year before his death, weak of mind and infirm of purpose, should have made his strange will without an undue attempt on the part of her sister's family to influence him?"

"An intimation, by whom conveyed we never knew, (Bushwick interrupted her to say that he gave it,) brought John Temple to our house. Though he said nothing of restoring the property to the rightful heirs, or of reparation in any way, yet he conducted himself with so much propriety that my mother, predetermined to forgive him, did more—took him into especial favour. My brothers relaxed in their hostility to him, and I, fond girl, alas! went further than either—I suffered him to plant a treacherous passion in my bosom. His beautiful and manly person, his easy and graceful carriage, his learning, wit, and eloquence, and, above all, his apparently ardent admiration and exclusive preference of myself, kindled in my heart

a passion which consumed my hours with melancholy and anguish. I loved him, and was tortured with an incessant fear that my brothers would say or do something to make him quit our house, and forget me. When he was present I kept my eyes fixed upon them and him—upon them, to repress, by pleading looks and the agony I could not conceal, their impatience of his company—upon him, to dispel, by smiles of tenderness, the frowns those caused, and the glance of defiance that would cloud his countenance when he saw suspicion and dislike in theirs. Seeing that my health was giving way under the unequal strife, they trained their feelings to better command, withdrew their opposition, and met him with a show of friendship. The villain saw and improved his advantage. But why detail his infamous arts—it is sufficient to say that I loved, trusted, and was—ruined. When, in process of time, the consequences of my fatal indiscretion were likely to become apparent, his object, which was to destroy the reputation of our family, being secured, he refused to marry me as he had promised, and for

a long time to take measures for my temporary concealment.

“ At length, in reply to my agonised entreaties and appeals to honour, pity, mercy, he consented to assist me in withdrawing myself from my family and the world. I believe he was afraid of having my self-murder to answer for. He met me, by appointment, at a very early hour in the morning, and conducted me to his own house. Two days after, with Ritchings for our companion, we embarked for the continent; and so well were my seducer's measures taken, that I have reason to believe my family had no suspicion of our having left England, at all events, never traced us out of it.

“ Upon our arrival on the French coast, we set out immediately for Avranches, and from thence travelled, by forced stages, if French *diligences* can be forced, for the frontiers of Spain. You have, undoubtedly, surmised that his object in hurrying me to that land of papal tyranny was to stifle my complaints and reproaches for ever in a Spanish convent. It is hard to say why he changed his mind, but we had not been half an

hour across the borders of Gascony, when he countermanded his order for seats in the Catalan coach and hired a conveyance to take us to Bordeaux.

“ We came, near night, to a very lonely and retired cabin, situated among steep and craggy hills. The driver was recognised by our host as an old acquaintance, and that circumstance, together with the impertinent familiarity with which he treated my betrayer, gave room for gloomy forebodings, which were not a little increased by the habit of melancholy into which a person in my situation, separated from her friends, and bearing about her a burden of shame and disgrace, would naturally fall.

“ Temple lost no time after his arrival in disclosing his designs to me. ‘ I have thought much and deeply,’ said the infamous man, ‘ of your fallen estate and hapless condition. The family feud will not permit my marrying you, and, besides, when ambitious men like myself take a wife, they look for wealth and advancement of honour, neither of which the family of Danvers, thanks to

my wisdom and spirit! can longer furnish. When I first listened to your entreaties, to find you an asylum from shame, a hiding place from the faces of your family, I bethought me that seclusion in a convent amongst the mountains of Spain would best and surest do it, and it was for that purpose we were travelling thitherward. But I have changed my mind and my views—attune your lips and heart to joy—I have found you—what your situation will ere long very much demand—a husband. Ritchings, to whom I am under great obligations, the last not the least, nor the lightest rewarded, nor in truth the cheerfulest rendered, but he will like you better perhaps by and by, consents to take you off my hands. A priest is in waiting—I see you married—you then go to Bordeaux, and from thence to the West Indies for life. Why do you weep and wring your hands? Could you have expected as much? Remember, what your family have done—the insults they have heaped upon me, and the slanders they have propagated, remember that you are in my power,—remember that you yourself have become worthless,

and an outcast, and then give God thanks it is no worse. I go to call in the bridegroom and the priest.'

" He left me so completely stupified and horror-struck, that I never uttered a word, nor breathed a sigh, nor dropped a tear from that moment till the conclusion of the ceremony which made me the wife of the infamous Ritchings. I lived and breathed, and saw objects moving around me, and heard voices uttering words in an unknown tongue, but whether to perform the ceremony of marriage or of burial I neither knew nor cared. I made the motions, and uttered the responses, and took the sacrament according to the ritual of the Romish church—as they bade me—had they given me a lancet and ordered me to sever the jugular vein, I should have obeyed them with the same tranquil unconsciousness of what I was doing. I recollect the only sign I exhibited that my reason had not totally forsaken me was the bursting into tears, and the indulging denunciations when Temple presented himself at the door, addressed me as Mrs. Ritchings, and bade me good bye. " Curses,

like chickens," it is said, "always come home to roost." I know not if this be true; perhaps the calamities I have endured were a visiting upon me of my first transgression—I can scarce think it was a sin to curse one so vile as John Temple.

" I continued in this state during the whole of our journey to Bordeaux. During our stay at that place, and the greater part of the time we were upon our passage to the West-Indies, my husband—I call him by that name for the sake of a convenient designation—alarmed for his wages, which, of course, would cease at my death, used so much kindness that he won me to take more sustenance, care more about life, and, finally, to be at times even a little cheerful. We landed first at Martinique, and there I gave birth to a son which, happily, survived but a few hours. Disliking the place and the people, we left it as soon as I was well enough to be removed, and came to this island. Previous to our arrival, he informed me that the retaining his own name might be inconvenient to him, and that, therefore, he would in future be known as SHADWELL.

" With the capital furnished by his atrocious

dealings with Temple he entered into commercial business, and, being not at all fastidious in his choice of means and expedients to increase his wealth, soon became one of the richest merchants in the island. At first he had been—not kind, but not absolutely harsh, would give me crabbed answers, perhaps go without speaking to me for three or four days together, but never resorted to blows, compelled me to drudgery, or caused menials to disgrace, or *beat*, or starve me, as he did afterwards. But, as his riches increased, his treatment grew less kind—the yearly stipend he received for my maintenance became of no account, and he, from a tolerably civil *master*, sunk into a brutal and unfeeling tyrant. His increased severity was partly owing to his naturally harsh temper, but more to the influence gained over him by a woman of colour, whom he kept in the house to domineer over me.

“ It would almost make your eyes drop blood were I to tell you what I suffered for four years out of the six which I spent under his immediate roof. I was not allowed to see any body but negroes; I was compelled to perform the tasks

allotted me by my mistress, and to bear blows if I did not do them to her liking, was fed upon the coarsest food, and wore the coarsest apparel. It had been my earnest prayer that I might not become a mother, but Heaven, for its own wise purposes, saw fit not to grant it. The second year of my residence upon the island I gave birth to a female child; oh, how I loved the sweet babe! But, instead of adding to my joys, it only increased my miseries. My husband's mulatto mistress became a mother on the same day—her child was also a girl, and, jealous of the legal right possessed by her rival to the estate and affections of her keeper, she, thenceforth, by her conduct, added a new pang, by awakening my fears for the safety of my little darling. Three years after our arrival at Jamaica, Grant, going by the name of Bushwick, joined us. He had always been a little inclined to intemperance, and, in a country where spirits are plenty and cheap, and the habit more common and less banned, it is not strange that he soon became a confirmed drunkard.

“ The two little girls grew up with so striking resemblance of personal features, that they became the talk of every body.”

I could not interrupt her to tell her that I had seen them both, for, in that case, I must have made her acquainted with the dreadful uncertainty which hung over the fate of that one in whom alone she could be interested. But I shall omit that part of her story which relates to what the reader has already heard, and skip to the incident which deprived her of her personal liberty.

——“ I endured all this ill-usage with the hope that the beauty and sweetness of my little daughter would melt the obdurate heart of her father, that the continual dropping of her artless fondness upon his stony nature would at last wear away his unkindness. But, instead of its effecting a favourable change, he daily grew worse and worse. Blows upon me, and blows upon my child ! curses ! starvation ! what did we not endure ! My nature, at last, rose in rebellion, and I determined to seek a separation or reparation. But my appeal to the bishop of the island, to procure me

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redress, which I entrusted, for safe carriage, to a negro girl in whom I placed confidence, was carried directly to my tyrant.

“ He had recently purchased a plantation amongst the mountains, and came and invited me to ride down with him, and see it. It was a strange request, the temper in which he made it unusual, and would have excited suspicion even in bosoms not prone to indulge it. But I thought only of the interests of my child, and of the fearful consequences of her growing up the object of aversion to her natural protector, and went with even a pleased and gratified heart, hoping that he might yet be won to become a better father than he had been a husband.

“ We rested that night at a tavern within ten miles of the plantation. Morning came, he was still cheerful and kind, even fond, and I, happier than I had been for years, strove to augment his good feelings by every little office of attention and tenderness I could devise. I little knew what was passing in his mind.

“ He informed me that, for the sake of showing

me some natural curiosities, he had sent back our calash, and that we should perform the remainder of our journey upon mules. There was nothing to excite my suspicion in this, nor in our striking off from the main road, immediately after, into a wild and desolate region. Natural wonders are more frequently found in desert regions—inaccessible to cultivation—beyond the geologist's hammer, the botanist's knife, and the fly-catcher's net.

“ We came, after much toiling, to the spot which contained the ‘ natural curiosity ’ which had brought us so far out of the regular road. We found it in a wild and rugged glen, scarcely accessible to human foot, in the shape of a cavern, which, doubtless, had been used, by the Charaibeas, Maroons, and runaway negroes, for purposes of concealment or rapine—perhaps for the very purpose for which it was now to be used. Not to speak in parables, it was this valley and the cavern in which you found me.

“ ‘ Sarah,’ said my gallant husband, who had taken such pains to introduce a curiosity to my acquaintance, ‘ what think you of life in this

cavern? You could be as private here, my love, as if you were in a Spanish convent, agreeably to the original intention of our friend John Temple, when we took that Gascon tour, which ended in a West-India voyage.'

The object of the preamble and of our visiting this desert glen flashed to my mind in a moment. A glance at his countenance confirmed my fears.

" 'Sarah,' said he, producing the letter I had written to the bishop, 'is this your letter?'

I replied it was.

" 'Why did you write it?'

" 'With the hope of its causing a change in your treatment of me and your child. Worn down by your tyranny, I determined to endure it no longer, and, believing that there were laws to protect and right the weak, I determined to apply to them for redress against your cruel usage, your wanton infliction of what I have never deserved.'

" 'You have played for a deep stake, and have lost it. Sarah, my love, do you see this cavern, fretted, pillared, and niched—an exceeding curiosity. You shall have liberty to contemplate it

all the days of your natural life. Ay, by Him that made me, alive you shall never leave it. Food you shall have—bread and water—in time, perhaps, a little more; clothing the same as my negro slaves; company none, unless you bring the bats and musquittoes to a parley; solace none, unless you find it in what your preachers call ‘conversation with God.’ When the bishop finds you out he will redress you, no doubt. Good bye.’

“He was as good, or, rather, as bad as his word. The seventh of next month will be twelve years since I became a prisoner in this cavern. Bread and water were all that were allowed me at first, but, in time, I had meats and vegetables. I wear the coarse cloth you see me wearing now, which, you know, is that in which the female slaves are usually clad. From that day to this, I have never seen a human face, save this deaf and dumb girl’s and my jailer’s, and—yours. The solace he threatened I have found in communion with the Holy Spirit; allowed leisure for contemplation and that book which contains the precepts of divine wisdom and inspiration, I

have found repentance, and the faith which leads us to condemn earthly troubles. If it be the will of God that I shall mix again in the affairs of the world, from which I have been twelve years banished, I shall do it with a subdued spirit and a full belief that it is well for me that I have been afflicted."

Such was the story of this interesting lady. It was now her turn to listen. I began to tell her some few things I had heard of her family. One word brought on another, till, very soon, there was nothing left to tell. And, now, when she knew that her daughter had been living within twenty-four hours,—had grown up beautiful, and worthy a parent's or a lover's fondest kiss,—a mortal's weakness took possession of a mother's heart, albeit a Christian mother, and her fears for the safety of her child became excessive. She who had been so resigned and patient under her own troubles was overwhelmed with apprehensions for one who had the same God to protect and watch over her.

Knowing how many slips knaves give their

keepers, I was careful, before we set out, to take Bushwick's statement, in writing, of the facts relating to the will, which I attested myself, and caused to be attested by Mrs. Shadwell. I then told the villain I stood pledged for his safety, but that he must be content to take up his residence in the cavern, with Abraham for his keeper, until the revolt should have ended.

We set out upon our journey as soon as the rain ceased, which was not till late in the afternoon, so late, in truth, that it was an unadvised act in me to commence it then, seeing that it was to be performed on foot by one whose peregrinations, for twelve years, had been confined to an apartment thirty feet by twenty, and in whom disuse of the practice had almost led to a prostration of the powers of locomotion. But it must be remembered that we were within thirty-six hours of a general revolt of more than two hundred thousand slaves, that an alarm was to be sounded to a scattered and unprepared white population, and means drawn from no superabundant source to meet and baffle it.

We had not gone far before Mrs. Shadwell's weakness became so great that we were compelled to carry her in our arms. The sun-light falling upon her weak eyes had further helped to unfit her from using her feet—she was blind as a mole and feeble as a child. Impeded in our path, which was really the worst I ever saw,—full of briars, mole-ploughings, ant-hills, stumps of decayed trees, heads of palms decapitated by the lightning, &c. &c.: how we managed to thread it, as we did the night before, was a mystery.

About ten o'clock we came to a deserted cabin, and a sudden tempest of wind, thunder, and rain coming up just then, made free to enter it. Finding a small kettle, we boiled some limpid mountain-water, made some punch, and ate a cracker. The Scotch may boast as much as they will about "mountain-dew," and the knight of East-cheap of the two-fold operation there is in "sherris-sack," but give me arrack-punch: it is a beverage worthy of being handed by Hebe herself to the father of the gods.

At twelve o'clock we renewed our journey, and,

about day-break, came to the entrance to Ballard's Valley, a plantation belonging to a gentleman of the name of Cruikshank—so said Jallah, whose eyes, hitherto upon the look-out for goblins and devils, were now withdrawn to the contemplation of the things of this world, and a mortal nature. Soon the dwelling-house and cluster of negro-huts were visible. There were lights moving about the apartments, a circumstance so unusual at that hour that I suspected either that they had heard of, and were preparing for the intended revolt, or that it had already taken place, and the rebels were in possession of and employed in plundering the house.

Leaving Mrs. Shadwell in charge of the negroes, I proceeded to reconnoitre. The stirrers, I could see, were white people, so I used the freedom to knock as soundly as Grumio did at Hortensio's gate.* Listening, I heard, first, sundry notes,

* Here is a trifling mistake. Grumio would *not* knock soundly, and thence the displeasure of his master, and his "sol fa and singing it."

proclaiming martial preparation and vigilance, a cocking of guns, a noise of ramrods falling into the sliding louns, a rattling of swords, and, secondly, the demand, in a rough voice, "Who is there?"

"A friend;" I answered.

"What friend?"

"One unknown to you, but not the less a friend. My name is Haverhill,—Captain Haverhill, of the British army. I want lodging and temporary shelter for a distressed lady, and breakfast for myself, for which I will pay you in news, astounding news:—there is about to be a general rising of the slaves."

"We have heard of it within the last half hour. What say you, my friends, shall we admit him?" asked the speaker.

"By all means;" answered several voices.

"Cock your guns, and hold yourselves in readiness to fire," said the leader. "If he has straight hair, parted in the forehead, and hanging down on each side of his head like tallow

candles,* let him have it, pepper his skin, d——n him."

While I was thanking heaven that my hair was curly, they undid the latch, and I entered. I found half a dozen gentlemen assembled in the apartment, busily employed in furbishing up muskets, cleansing locks, scouring and sharpening swords, and giving other signs of belligerent intentions.

"It is not a preacher after all," said one. "Kettletas may save his double b's for our Koro-mantyn friends in the bush."

They had just been waked by a negro from Mr. Bayley's plantation, three miles distant, who came to inform his master, then on a visit to Mr. Cruikshank, of the revolt of the slaves upon that estate. I could speak to the fact of a wide and systematic conspiracy.

A negro was despatched to bring Mrs. Shadwell to the house. Whilst he was absent, other negroes

* The supposed signs of a methodist preacher.

from the Trinity estate arrived with the information, that a numerous band of their fellows, dripping with gore, and swearing vengeance against their masters, were just behind them. There was no time to lose; and it was determined at once that the women and children should be sent to my valley. Mrs. Shadwell was to act the part of hostess, and Jallah was to be purveyor of the household.

"I think," said Mr. Bayley, "you told us, Mr. Haverhill, you are a soldier."

I answered in the affirmative.

"Under what leader, and in what grade?"

"Under the late General Wolfe, in the capacity of aide-de-camp."

"Under the immortal Wolfe, the bravest of the brave, the pride and boast of his country, the soldier, gentleman, and patriot! my dear sir, you bring as good a recommendation as if your worth were attested under the sign manual. Will you take command of the undisciplined militia we are going to oppose to these black rascals?"

"I will, sir, with the greatest pleasure," said

I, "and serve you according to the best of my power."

"All we ask, all we ask. And now, General—hats off, gentlemen, to the Commander-in-Chief,—and now, General—by the by, it is a Prussian council of war—present, the monarch, Keith, 'brother Henry,' Hulsen, Seidlitz, Dohna, Wedel &c. let me advise you, General, to proceed with our friend Cruikshank, and the other gentlemen volunteers present, to Koplin's. There is a defensible house upon that estate, and, withal, it will be a central point of rendezvous to our people. If nothing befall me I will be with you before noon. I am going to make an experiment upon my rascals at Trinity. They cannot be so ungrateful for all I have done for them, they cannot be so forgetful of the benefits I have heaped upon them as to raise their hands against me their faithful friend and indulgent master."

Having previously seen the female cavalcade depart for their hiding place, we set out upon our march to Koplin's, which was two miles distant. Before noon we had collected near two hun-

dred men, white, black, and of the innumerable shades which are found between them. At that time, Mr. Bayley, who had been unsuccessful in his attempts to reduce his Trinity negroes to obedience, joined us, and saying he had ascertained that the principal force of the rebels would be found at Haywood-Hall, a plantation three miles and a half distant, recommended an immediate attack.

Upon our march to encounter the rebels, our eyes were visited with sights almost too horrid to mention. Whithersoever they had gone, fire and slaughter had marked their progress. In the short space of twelve hours they had murdered more than forty persons, not even sparing the infant at the breast nor the decrepid aged, and accompanying each murder with peculiar circumstances of barbarity and lingering torture. Judge, then, how great the pleasure with which we confronted them, just as they were following up the butchery of a family, by the roasting of an ox, whole, and by the flames of a costly mansion. I could scarce restrain my impatient troops while I made the

necessary arrangements for the attack. Those completed, we fell upon them with as much reluctance as hungry men sit down to a well furnished dinner. But we had it all our own way; the wretches behaved like what they were, and are, the veriest cowards on earth, and scarcely gave me an opportunity to try the temper of my troops, or to display my own exceeding courage and generalship. If medals are only bestowed for deserving, I know not why I received mine, for I am sure I could exhibit no proof that it was earned.

At the first fire we killed eight, amongst whom was my old acquaintance, Quaw, and wounded others, the remainder were off to the woods like hunted deer. Another rencounter took place that afternoon; and a third, early next morning, with the same success. Everywhere, whatever might be our force, or their strength, they fled without a struggle. They seemed to regard their temporary liberty as a short furlough granted for the purpose of murdering, devastating, but, above all, eating, drinking, and wenching without stint or control, but under a stipulation to resume

their chains at its expiration. To appoint leaders, to make regulations, to enact laws, to enforce order, to embody the particles of wisdom and patriotism which usually float in the atmosphere of a revolution into any thing like a system of liberty and law, to embosom their recovered rights and privileges, as men are supposed to do, who have burst their chains in the spirit of a generous ardour and emulation was what they no more thought of doing than a herd of beeves or porkers let loose from a pen or stall.

My readers will naturally inquire what had become of the leader, the potent Barb. He was absent—well for us that he was—on the purposes of the insurrection, and only returned in time to lead the broken remnant of the rebels into a wild fastness which had been a retreat of the Maroons in the war of 1738. The revolt, as the foregoing pages will have shown, was prematurely undertaken, wanting, when it was begun, three days of the fixed period; and thus they were deprived of his skill and valour, which might possibly have conducted it to a different result, at any rate have made ours a dear bought victory.

The third day after, a Maroon brought us intelligence of the rendezvous of the rebels, and offered to be our pilot to it. His description of the leader depicted the Barb so accurately, that I was sure he had seen him, and this was a warrant for believing him faithful, and trusting him. The Maroons make invaluable guides through the intricate labyrinths with which necessity has made them acquainted; it was a fortunate circumstance for us, and that which mainly contributed to our success, that we were able to engage his services. Though themselves tainted with negro blood, being descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants, and of negroes who ran away from their Spanish masters when the island became ours by conquest in 1655, they were never friendly to the Africans, and in all their depredations, which ended with the peace concluded with the famous Cudjoe, in 1738, were observed to prey upon them with greater avidity than upon the white people. Afterwards they displayed so much contempt and hatred for the negroes, that, when one ran away, it was pleasure to a Maroon to be employed to catch him.

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Through the agency of this individual, we were able to obtain the assistance of several more of these wild but courageous outlaws. They were tall and well made men, their complexion black as jet, with regular features, small, quick, piercing eyes, and so nimble, that monkeys were not more remarkable for climbing trees, bounding from rock to rock, and the other feats of agility acquired in forest life. Their keenness of eye was wonderful, and their sense of hearing remarkably acute. Their habits of patient endurance of hunger and fatigue, their unequalled skill in the use of the musket or rifle, their knowledge of the edible roots and herbs to be found in the wilds, altogether rendered them more valuable to friends and dangerous to foes, in a partisan warfare, than any body of men I ever saw.

Twelve white volunteers and six Maroons was my entire force at setting out—it should have been four times the number to have promised success. But the idea had taken possession of the people that we were going “marooning,” a word synonymous with every thing that is dangerous, daring, and finally impossible, and they held back from

enlistment in it—it was with some difficulty that I got even a dozen to join me.

I had proceeded, perhaps, a couple of miles, when a Mr. Devonport came riding after me, with the information that a young British naval officer had just arrived, and expressed a wish to join me. Knowing the value of a British sailor when a dangerous enterprise is afoot, that the figure-head of his ship is just as sensible to fear as he, and a Cuba blood-hound as likely to give over his quest, I felt as a general feels who has ordered up a powerful reserve to secure the perilled fortunes of the day. I ordered a halt, and awaited the promised reinforcement.

He soon rode up, jumped from his horse, and came forward to give and receive a welcome after the fashion of the sons of the sea. If your hand is soft and puny, reader, hath worn doe-skin, and been wet with milk of roses, I advise you never to shake hands with Jack, else you may be led to cry out as the damsel did, who, at a nocturnal appointment, meeting, by mistake, a bear instead of her lover, without knowing the difference; (perhaps

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the difference was imperceptible—there are some very bear-like lovers,) cried out, “Oh, be quiet, now, and don’t *hug* me so hard, my dear,”—when a mutual recognition produced a mutual drawback, and encounter of fierce looks. The officer was no other than Mapletoft, the sender of that awkward thing, an unaccepted challenge, and to whom some kind of atonement was certainly due. He was the first to remember that a private quarrel should give way to the public good; and, drawing me to a distance from the company, said—

“We have, indeed, some old scores to settle, but our present undertaking demands that they stand over till the public business shall have been despatched. If you please, we will forget we have ever quarrelled till we have disposed of the rebels.”

“Agreed, with all my soul,” said I. “And further, my courage has been so well proved, that I shall escape the imputation of cowardice when I say I hope, Lieutenant Mapletoft, a day of settlement may never arrive.”

“Via the cloud,” said he, laughing, “my name is not Mapletoft, but—Danvers.”

“Danvers! the devil!”

"No, not Danvers the Devil, nor Charles the Bold, though it be Charles Danvers."

"Charles Danvers, son of Robert Danvers, of Danvers-park, Surrey, and Jane, his wife," I exclaimed in the words of the will, which had run in my head ever since, "and nephew of Temple Danvers, of —, in New England."

"The identical person. How knew you all this?"

"I will tell you as we go along. Well, this is a blessed chance. Danvers, I'll lay down one thing as law."

"And what is that?"

"I will never fight you."

"Agreed," said he: and from that moment we were—Pylades and Orestes. Full opportunity was afforded, upon our march, for mutual explanation. We heard each other's story in that Christian spirit which "hopeth, believeth, and trusteth" all things. So much for a pre-disposition to amity. "I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel," saith the sententious Touchstone; "but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if*, as, *if you said*

so, then I said so; and they shook hands, and swore brothers."

When our Maroon guide, upon halting at the edge of a covert of mingled herbage and brambles, acquainted us that our labours commenced there, I am not sure there was an unblanched cheek in the company. The best idea which an European can form of a Jamaica bramble-tract is to fancy a closely-planted and luxuriant asparagus-bed, without ditches, every branch, sub-branch, and capsule protruding a thorn. The only means of penetrating this covert of briars was to creep, upon all fours, in the paths made by the wild hogs. The brambles were so thick and dark that it would have been nothing to surprise us if the first intimation of our being in the vicinity of our opponents had been derived from literally bumping heads with them in the path.

The Maroons crept first, next myself, Danvers followed, then the remainder of our force indiscriminately. Proceeding in this way, for more than an hour, and for the distance of between one and two miles, we came suddenly, our clothes torn, and our flesh bruised, lacerated, and bleeding, to the edge

of a deep glen. The principal path, twenty rods from the outlet, diverged into many sub-paths, in consequence of the impatience of the swine to go into, or to break cover—by these the rear of our troop was enabled to make a movement, and take up a position in line with the front, by a manœuvre which, I dare say, martialists will recognise as a new one in tactics. Fancy twenty-one men, upon their hands and knees, looking out of a covert of brambles by as many separate and distinct eyelet-holes, resembling a party of fashionables at a minor theatre endeavouring to see without being seen.

The glen was in no wise different from those with which I have already made the reader acquainted. We were upon the edge of the cliff which looked into it; and before us lay the only means of access to or egress from it, a narrow path, which a hundred resolute men might have defended against as many thousands. There were two negro sentinels posted at the outlet, but they were fast asleep, and we crept silently by them, suffering them to continue their nap, but using the precaution to take away their weapons.

In less than twenty minutes our whole party was in the glen, without having had a shot fired at us, or received other intimation that it was occupied by a hostile force than that furnished by the slumbering guard. It was a matter of dispute amongst us whether the attack should be made instantly, or be delayed till night. Danvers liked immediate action better than—to-morrow; the Maroons growled like blood-hounds, when they wish to be slipped from the leash; I was not loth myself, and the order was given for an immediate attack. A negro, coming out to procure water, gave the alarm; and soon the ranging of their forces in regular order of battle gave us notice that this was to be no child's play. They were now directed by the wisdom of one, who, in disposition a fiend, was, in courage, strength, and resolution, a hero; wise, shrewd, and sagacious, save in the folly of supposing he could accomplish, by the aid of his miserable countrymen, such an undertaking as that he had projected. He was not the first chief of a rebellion who has made a false estimate of his resources, and of the value of the

material he was to work with. Spartacus, the gladiator, Rienzi, Massanielo, Marino Faliero, and a hundred other leaders of revolt, unsuccessful, and therefore rebels; not like Tell and Washington, successful, and, therefore, patriots—entered upon their schemes with an equally mistaken view of the temper of their followers.

Our opponents were, in number, more than three to our one; but disciplined swords hewing upon a less practised array, momentarily lessen the disproportion. The Barb performed wonders, but in vain. He killed, with his own hand, three of the Maroons and one white man—no one coped for a moment with him in fight, and though he avoided both Danvers and myself, we knew it was not from want of courage. When he saw that the victory was ours, he took a resolution worthy of his temper and fortune. Just turning to fight a few defensive traverses with me, to gain time to say his last, ere he bounded after Danvers, "We have been friends," said he, "and have eaten, drank, and slept together; I must not spill your blood.

I said that in your ear while you lay wounded in the hut amongst the Liguanean Mountains, which forbids my attempting your life. But for that whispered word, which none heard but He and I, you would never have lived to hunt me down amidst these wilds.

“I have failed in emancipating my race—nor do I regret it, for they have shown themselves unworthy of the freedom I sought to give them. I have failed, and now nothing remains for me but to die. Farewell.” Three bounds and he stood before the Briton, who was just breathing himself from a hard contest, in which he had killed Quamina. The Barb was armed with the short sword of a Cuba chasseur, a singularly-shaped weapon, less than the length of a dragoon’s sword, very thick and clumsy, flat as an iron bar, and, for about eighteen inches from the point, ground and kept as sharp as a razor. The Briton wore the sword common to the naval service. Superior as the latter undoubtedly was in skill and science, I had every reason to fear that his dexterity in the use of his sword would not make up

for the strength and vigour which animated his gigantic opponent.

They addressed themselves to the fight with as much coolness as men sit down to a game of draughts. Danvers had not divested himself of any part of his clothing; the Barb wore nothing, save trousers, and a turban of checked Indian baftah. But, notwithstanding the quick fence of the Briton, the strength of his antagonist bade fair to prevail. Danvers inflicted many wounds—none, apparently, mortal; he received none in return, but he was growing weaker, whilst the strength of his opponent remained undiminished. The blood was spouting from innumerable gashes in the body of the Barb, when, by a tremendous blow, he struck the sword of his antagonist twenty feet from his grasp, and he stood defenceless as a child. I was in time to prevent the catastrophe—another second, and the razor-edged weapon of the vindictive African would have been in his heart. Interposing myself between the armed and the unarmed combatants, I prepared to do battle, in defence of the last, though the issue,

even gashed and wounded as my opponent was, seemed more than doubtful. For a moment the wrath that lighted up his eye and wrinkled his brow, promised me sharp work.

"It must not be," said he, "the oath I have taken to my country's gods forbids my doing battle with you. But he that stands behind you, weaponless, once foiled, shall find me prompt to a second encounter, if he can find a sword whose temper he can trust and dare use."

"Lend me your sword, Haverhill, and let me once more cope with that bloody boaster," said Danvers, boiling with rage; "and if he prove victor again, I charge you not to interpose, but let him take my life. It will justly belong to him."

They recommenced the combat, but they no longer stood on an equal footing. Danvers had not received a scratch,—the life-blood of his antagonist was oozing from twenty wounds. While every blow of the former told, those of the latter were aimless, and only cut and stabbed the air. But I must not protract the description be-

cause the combat was protracted. I saw this brave but savage man, half fiend and half hero, fall—saw the sword of his antagonist passed twice through his body, and heard his latest breath depart in a malediction on the Europeans.

While this combat had been going on, our troops had penetrated into the cavern, to which the remnant of the negroes had retreated, and now returned to make report of the horrible sight which met their eyes at their entrance. Reasonably suspicious that the punishment of death awaited their capture, the rebels had, to a single man, committed suicide, by cutting their throats. The floor of the cave was flooded with gore. Of sixty persons who were in the glen when we entered it only one person escaped.

This was Margaretta Shadwell—very much frightened, very hungry, quite unpresentable, but otherwise unharmed—thanks to the care of the puissant Barb, who, from mere whim, took it into his head to protect her.

Anxious that Danvers should relieve me honourably of my obligation to Miss Shadwell, I

arranged it so that the care of her upon the march should devolve entirely upon him. I rode behind, to permit the embryo passion to display itself in the thousand agreeable fooleries which belong to its early intercourse.

At Koplin's we were met by Mrs. Shadwell and her party. The meeting between the mother and daughter, twelve years separated, now in safety, and provided with competent protectors, was joyful in the extreme. It was determined that Mrs. Shadwell, aided by Danvers and myself, should prosecute a law-proceeding to obtain a divorce from her brutal husband. But, if there was to be a partial retrocession of the wave of matrimony, it was rendered plain, before the evening was through, that there would be "another flood toward another couple coming to the ark." Margaretta and I that evening separated as lovers, and kissed as friends, while Danvers—but I *saw* nothing—though I have ears.

And, now honourably relieved from an engagement in which my heart had never been concerned, with the knowledge that Danvers' new

engagement would leave Mary perfectly at liberty, my affections returned to my first and, I believe I may say, my only love, with tenfold their former strength. Heaven only knows how thankful I was that, without a blot on my honour, or causing a tear to dim her eye, or, as far as I could see, a sigh to pain her heart, I had surrendered the beautiful Creole into the arms of another and a more favoured man, and could now, without dishonour, welcome back my early love.

Hitherto I had been rather patient than otherwise, but now I was all anxiety. I did not sleep an hour that night, and I was up the next morning before sun-rise, to take measures for our immediate departure. Impatience was the order of the day: Danvers was to receive the hand of Margaretta as soon as we arrived at Kingston, and he was as anxious as myself to reach that haven. Many were the complaints made by the females of our party at the haste with which we travelled—all save Margaretta, and she was as patient as a lamb.

Before we returned to Kingston we gave Grant

his liberty. He went, soon after, to Bermuda, and, finally, to the Colonies, where he became a steady and moral man, and died, at a very advanced age, master of a little farm at Jericho, in the state of New York.

CHAPTER XII.

I MUST hurry through the remaining portion of my history, in order to bring this volume to a close within reasonable limits.

We arrived at Kingston next day, in the afternoon. Immediately upon our arrival we learned an incident, which was a fair and apt conclusion to the bloody drama I had witnessed.

The horrid Orina, disappointed in her ambitious views of becoming a queen in this world, had sent herself to the dominions of Pluto, to see if a crown would be awarded her there. First poisoning her father with one of the very compounds he had brought from the East, and used for the destruction of others, she next deliberately put an end to her own existence by blowing out her brains with a pistol. By the death of Major Shadwell his vast wealth devolved upon his widow and daughter, the

latter of whom became Mrs. Danvers on the fourth day after our arrival in town.

“ My dear Captain Haverhill,” said the amiable and long-suffering widow, “ I have been thinking deeply, since you left us last night, of the extent of our and the public obligations to you. Under God I owe my life and recovered liberty to you, and this island owes you a still greater debt, inasmuch as they have incurred a general and several obligation to the same extent. My own especial obligation, by and with the advice and consent of my son and daughter, I will discharge in part, by making you joint heir, after my death, and joint nominee, reserving a small provision for myself, to the profits, whilst I am living, of the possessions left me by my late husband, upon whose soul God have mercy. Nay—no words—except they be thanks, which I permit, because they are the medium of communicating the beautiful and divine sentiment of gratitude.

“ Having no friends here, for he who is gone never permitted me to make any, and yearning for a northern climate and residence, I am taking measures to dispose of my property in the islands,

and to go with you to America. My daughter and her husband will accompany us. Whether we go from thence to England will depend on the opinion Margaretta may form of the people of the country. Danvers declares himself neutral. Having certain recollections which would make a residence in the land of my birth unpleasant, and experiencing no definite sensation of pleasure at remembering the friends of my youth, nor anxiety that I have been forgotten by them, it is my wish to spend the remainder of my days in the New World. Should you marry my niece, there will be an additional cause why I should become an occidental."

It took only three weeks to settle the concerns of the late Major Shadwell. His estates were disposed of without any difficulty, for credit is always very plenty in the West Indies. "A part down, and the remainder by instalments," secured by mortgages, is the usual mode adopted there of disposing of real property—it was that by which the Shadwell plantations passed into other hands. I will just remark that every penny of it was eventually collected, and paid over to us. Every Decem-

ber, as sure as the month came round, a ship from Kingston, Jamaica, hauled into the pier, at —, and unladed, to the care of Threepence & Astor, our agents, a cargo of sugar, melasses, rum, pimento, coffee, &c. ; and, now and then, a monkey or paroquet came, passenger, with a letter of introduction to little Master This or little Miss That.

There seems no necessity for my detailing the incidents of a passage attended with no disaster or unusual occurrence. The reader, if he pleases, may suppose us, on the twenty-second day after we left Port Royal Harbour, sitting in a private parlour, at a hotel, in the metropolis of New England. We have dined, the cloth is being removed, and Madeira, the favourite wine in that country is circulating like water round a rock, that stands in a brisk tide-way, when, hark ! one—two—three—guns ! cannon ! “ What is that, waiter ? ”

“ A ship, and firing guns I reckon. A pretty pokerish piece of business ’tis, and a most tedious consarn that they should let ’em off, just as Elder Cathcart is expounding the scriptures to the lost lambs of Israel. The Captain mout have done with the saace, I guess ? ”

" You guess right, Aminidab, take away. But is there a ship looked for?"

" So I reckon, and has been for a pretty considerable long time. A tarnation big ship too, and owned by Elder Pollard, he that built the block of housen where Elder Hillyard has his darned great bookstore, and owns that unimproved tract of brush on the road to Hingham."

" Where is she from?"

" Sodom and Gomorrah," answered Aminidab, his solemn phiz growing as long as a white-faced horse's.

" The deuce she is, and what is her cargo? brimstone?"

" Worse than brimstone—vanities—muslins and broadcloths, to captivate the unwary, and lead weak minds to perdition. I suppose she may bring the matter of a thousand pounds in silks and satins." Seeing that we remained silent, he continued. " She is from Old England, that horrible country, where, if I don't disremember, the clargy wear powdered wigs, and silk gowns with muslin sleeves, go a gunning, pray out of a book, play checkers, and, if all is true, make nothing of

having a plum pudding for dinner on fast days. God have mercy on their souls."

"So the ship is from England, pious Aminidab, is she! Run down to the wharfs, my good fellow, and see if there is a cambric handkerchief waving over the poop."

"I am not pious Aminidab, though Elder Cathcart did say, lately, that, seeing the worse a man is in his private life, the greater is his chance for being elected, that he had exceeding hopes of Aminidab Kettel."

"So I should think, but first let me ask you if your master——"

"I have only one master, and he is—above. Perhaps you was going to name the man I have been help to, since I left General Whiskeyson's location on the Grants."

"I am sure I did. Is the man you—help of the same religious faith as yourself?"

"Why, pretty much the same, though, according to Elder Cathcart's rule, his hopes are not quite so strong as mine."

"'Tis dangerous to be in such a man's debt. Send him in with our bill, pious Aminidab. Dan-

vers, we'll be off before the bill swells to the value of the ' first instalment.' ”

After satisfying our landlord's demands, we walked down to the pier, to take a look at the rich merchant-ship. She had cast anchor, and her boat, with the passengers, was just putting off from her for the shore.

“ She has lady passengers,” said my companion.

“ Let us walk down to the end of the pier,” said I, “ and assist them to land.”

Why should I use circumlocution to make known that fact which the reader, if he has common sense, must see I am labouring with. My own sweet Mary was in the boat, more beautiful than ever, though a little thinner and paler. And beside her sat her father, even prouder than before—his manner ultra-official, and his dignity absolutely in a family-way. He had been nodded to by three earls, dined with a marquess, and played billiards with a duke, which, I am sure, is enough to turn any man's head. And yet, as he glanced his eye at the martial insignia which decorated my—handsome person, I could see that it was lit up with more benignancy than had ever filled it before;

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he became insufferably gracious. I suppose I ought to have told my readers all about the surprise and alarm manifested by the dear girl, when her lover, supposed dead, made his appearance, but, in truth, I am driving to the end of my narrative in such fine style, that I cannot possibly "stop to take up." She trembled—leaned, I think, on me for support, but lived, through the shock, I am sure.

I know not why it was that the Judge persisted in walking up to our lodgings, when the coach employed to carry Mary had full space for two insides. And I am equally at a loss to say why he walked me through so many of the principal streets in going there. Danvers alleged that his motive was to show off Wolfe's aide-de-camp, a soldier six feet high, as an acquaintance. It certainly was not disreputable to be seen walking with me.

I had prepared him to meet his sister, but not his niece—that I left to one freer to discuss certain matters which the mention of her must introduce. When the parties had, in some measure, recovered

from the delirium of joy which followed their meeting, Mrs. Shadwell drew her brother aside, and revealed all. She made a much better plea for me than I could have made for myself, and took care to dwell upon the subject of the annual cargo of sugar, melasses, monkeys, and paroquets, one quarter of which would go to support my present dignity, and another to swell a rich inheritance to descend to me and mine after her death. And then I was in possession of the means to enable him to defeat that bad man, John Temple. Such a roll of depositions, and confessions, and examinations, and interrogatories, and certificates, lined, interlined, blotted, erased, and so fully authenticated, nobody ever saw since the world began ! That she prevailed came in proof soon after. When the servant announced dinner, though the grandee kept the fisherman's son at a distance, he permitted Wolfe's friend, the *consignee* of the sugar and melasses, to lead his beautiful daughter to the dinner-table, and was as conveniently blind to what passed between the twain, in the way of courtship, as parents can be

when they have no dislike to see a matrimonial connexion grow out of it.

This was Wednesday, and I wrote to my dear father that I should be at home, God willing, on Saturday. On Saturday morning, our party, consisting of the Judge, his sister, and daughter, Lieutenant Danvers, and myself, set off for —. It was too late when we arrived to think of visiting the paternal cabin that night, and it was arranged that, the next morning, Mary, twenty-four hours since my affianced bride, and I should pay it a visit.

Morning came, and, after breakfast, and the shawling, which, if one knows how to do it to advantage, may be made one of the most interesting civilities paid a pretty woman, we set out for the hamlet. Every step we took in the old path was deeply fraught with remarkable occurrences in the history of our loves, the rustic bridge, the stile, the ant-hill, the bog, each of these spots, and, in addition, many others were landmarks, or, rather, love-marks, to be pointed out, and furnished incidents to be discussed, so that, what with con-

versation and a varying of our course and path to look at trees, hills, ponds, the ocean from this eminence, and the vales from that, sheep, cattle, horses, pigs, and poultry—most who have returned to a fondly beloved home after a long absence will recollect that they have done all this, we were at least an hour in going from the mansion to the hamlet.

As we approached the cabin, we saw my father sitting, bareheaded, upon the green turf before the door, smoking his pipe; as the wind blew his long gray locks about his head, he looked truly patriarchal. As he rose to meet us, it did not escape my observation that he was dressed in a new suit of gray cloth, of a better texture than I had ever seen worn by a man in the hamlet, that his beard was short, and his shoes new and shining, that even his cane had undergone a metamorphosis from an unlicked white-oak sapling to a varnished staff, handsome enough to prop up the limbs of a man of condition. But it was evident that though there had been a change in his apparel there had been none in his heart. He was still overflowing

with simplicity, goodness, and rational piety, a man living in a world of sin almost without sin, and presenting the best picture of the "just man made perfect" that I have ever seen in my pilgrimage.

"My dear son," said he, tears coursing each other down his furrowed cheeks, "blessed be God, we have met again. And who is this? That beautiful creature Mary Danvers, as sure as I live. Look, see, my son, why I'll be hanged if she is not kissing your poor father."

"I should not be surprised if she was to kiss poor father's son or father's poor son before the month is out," said I.

"Ah, you are a wild—good boy, and always was. And yet she is blushing, I declare; but I am old, and ca'n't read its meaning. Go in, my children, and may God bless you. But you have brought no news of your poor sister," and he fairly burst out laughing. "Sorrow has crazed his brain," said I, mentally, "his troubles have been too much for him. Alas! my father."

We followed him into the house, and there, too, the same change was visible. The room had been newly painted, the windows hung with new curtains,

the old chest of drawers replaced by a new bureau, but the alterations had been magnificent. "Don't you think matters have been vastly bettered with me?" demanded my father, with a look of the greatest importance. "You *mout* think so with truth, for I guess it is very *noticeable*."

He passed into the kitchen, and continued there for a couple of minutes, during which there was much tittering and laughing. Presently he returned, leading by the hand a lady elegantly dressed and closely veiled. She remained standing a moment, and then throwing back her veil, and bursting into tears, rushed into my arms. It was my dear, my long lost sister. Immediately an elegant young man, wearing the uniform of a post captain in the British navy, came in and watched, with much apparent interest, the passionate embrace of the favourite brother with the favourite sister.

"My husband, Captain Munday," said my sister, disengaging herself from my arms; "my brother, Captain Haverhill."

We embraced with as much cordiality as could be expected, considering what my suspicions were.

And now my sister Dexter and her thrifty husband pressed forward to put in their claims to my notice, which, with a consciousness of inferiority, the advocates for the natural inequality of men proclaim innate, they had deferred till the laced gentry had done with their salutations. Timothy had thrown aside the quaker garb he wore when I last saw him, and with it his quaker principles,—the moon was now in the orthodox quarter. He had been, for the last month, one of the most flaming churchmen that ever professed belief in the Thirty-Nine Articles. The cause of his extraordinary fervour was not discovered for a long time. It came to *light*, however; the agent for light-houses was a zealous episcopalian, and, through him, my subtle brother-in-law hoped to obtain, and actually did obtain, the contract for supplying the lamp-oil and wick-yarn wanted for their use. Be composed, my brother Dexter; I won't let them laugh at thee. The man who, like thee, raises himself from ten degrees below nothing to the possession of a fortune of fifty thousand pounds, for so much did he eventually obtain, must be no ordinary man.

Never was there a happier group than that now assembled in my father's house. It is true that no less than five of those, who, fourteen months before, met there in joy and gladness, slept in death, but it is the nature of man, by the special appointment of a kind and merciful God, that he should find refuge from past sorrows in present joys, and solace himself for bereavements in the blessings that remain. The grief that cannot be comforted does not deserve to be comforted, the affliction that time and the application of the stimulants and correctives of favourable events and new connexions, cannot remove, is a disease as much as the scrofula, a morbid feeling as much as indigestion.

My sister's first care, after her return, had been to send her father an arm-chair, and in this suitable appendage to honourable old age he now reclined, with an attempt at dignity which certainly was a little misplaced. Pained by the gravity and distance which marked my deportment towards my brother-in-law, who, as yet, stood in ill savour for his supposed wrong to our family, the affectionate wife took an early opportunity to draw me

aside, and put matters to rights as far as a narrative, in which he stood—not blameless, but not so very culpable as I had believed him—could do it. His aim was indeed to ruin her, he prevailed upon her to leave home on the strength of a promise to marry her at Boston, and when there, made her the usual infamous proposals in lieu of marriage. She had strength of principle enough to fly, and conceal herself from him, and he art enough to find out her place of concealment, and sufficient honour left, and attachment strong enough, to make a full reparation. He placed her at school, and with the promise that she should not make herself known to her family till he led her there a bride, he left her to resume his place in his ship. He had been but twenty days returned from his cruise when I arrived; the third day after his arrival he made good his promise. The fourth saw Michael placed at a school in the metropolis, preparatory to his entering the navy. It was never known who the female was over whom I had placed the misleading epitaph at Kingston.

Just one week after, Mary and I were married.

Danvers, Munday, and myself, with our partners, continued to reside at the Judge's for three months. At the end of that time it became necessary to fix our future destination elsewhere, as some of the pleasing plagues and troublesome comforts of matrimony, it was foretold, would present themselves in less than a thousand years. It may be remembered that it became, by the ante-nuptial contract of her husband, afterwards subscribed to by all the family, the province of Mrs. Danvers, late Margaretta Shadwell, to fix the future place of residence of the family. She was called in to the drawing-room, where we were all assembled, and the question was gravely put, whether "she liked America well enough to remain and end her days in it?"

"I will reply," said she, "in a parody of the words of Touchstone, in *As you Like It*. 'Truly, in respect of itself, America is a good country, but in respect of the people it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well. In respect that it is private, it is a good country. In respect that it is in the fields, it

pleaseth me well; but in respect that it is not in the court, it is tedious. And it goes against my stomach that mirth, merriment, and smiling faces are not more plenty in it. In respect that the women are modest and the men moral, I like it very much; but in respect that the women are over-precise and the men over-formal it is bad. I like its religious spirit, but I dislike its bigotry and intolerance; and I like its warm summers, but dislike its cold winters;—in one word, it is the country my husband and mother prefer,—the country our friends prefer,—and it is, therefore, that which I name as mine.’ ”

One week after, we set out for the state of New York, with the view of establishing ourselves in some part of the interior of it. We found a tract of land which suited us exactly. Every body knows the great valley in Goshen, just beyond Babylon, bounded on the south by the Little Big Muddy, on the west by Camillus, on the north by Doboy-creek, and on the east by Sempronius; and upon which the towns of Syracuse, Utica, and Carthage,—Tarry-town, Sing-sing, and Gerundegut have since sprung up and flourished.

We bought that identical valley, and the speculation, like all undertaken in the wild lands of that fertile and since populous region, trebled our wealth. Each of us, the Judge, for whom Mrs. Shadwell became housekeeper, Danvers, Munday, and myself built a fine dwelling-house, in the first style of American architecture, exactly square, with four rooms on the basement floor, and with four chambers, all of a size, a noble chimney in the middle, and a fine porch behind it. We placed them like the four castles on a chess-board, and, to preserve the figure and symmetry of parts, we built a nice little church, with a cellar under it, for the use of the county-court, on the king's pawn's second square.

And here we lived as happy as a litter of brown kittens in a basket of wool—a most sublime and happy figure. Except the annual visit to town, to settle with Threepence & Astor, about the sugars, and bring home the monkeys and paroquets, neither Danvers nor I was absent a week in the year, and Munday was as much a fixture of Goshen-Valley as the church.

In the war of the Colonies for independence, I

was a thundering rebel, and bestowed many a curse upon my good old master, King George, and hard knock upon his troops. Before its close I rose to be a general officer. Munday was a tory in principle, but remained quiet. The Judge died just before the Revolution broke out. Danvers joined the "rebels," commanded a ship throughout the war, and thrice fought her with determined bravery.

My father lived with me all the remaining days of his natural life, and died in my arms, at the age of ninety-seven years. Michael entered the British navy, in June, 1762, and never returned to America. Aided by another valiant tar of Trans-atlantic origin, he particularly distinguished himself by invading the Magdalen Islands, (in the Gulf of St. Lawrence,) and subjugating them to the rule of Britain! He married an English lady of rank, beauty, and fortune, was created a baronet, and invested with the Grand Cross of the Bath, and died, in 1820, at his seat Dormouse-Hall, near Wimbledon, leaving a manuscript history of his adventures, which—"we hear is likely to make some noise in the world."

John Temple gave up the estate of Bargholdt without a struggle, and fled to an obscure hamlet in Normandy, where he died miserably. Jack Reeve did rather—not much better, he died drunk, and the old fiddler and charioteer, Cæsar, is living yet ; there is some doubt whether he ever will die, he is almost two hundred now. His own opinion is that he is immortal.

“ Did any thing ever happen in your family ? ” demanded Miss Katy Caterwaul.

“ Oh, a thousand accidents, madam. My wife’s favourite tabby upset a quart of lamp-oil upon that sacred relic, her wedding-gown, and there was a row ; and, afterwards, in a bloody war waged by the same tortoise-shelled virago against the mice in the china-closet, there was a beautiful service of Sèvres, eleven pieces the worse for the broil, and you know what happens in the home-department when despatches are received of damage done to crockery.”

“ But, General, I mean were your wives—exemplary ? ”

“ Remarkably so, madam ; I don’t believe my wife missed prayers five times in twenty years ;—

and, for going to church, she often went when it rained so hard that the geese and ducks refused to venture out unless they were furnished with umbrellas."

" Pshaw! why the man is a simpleton; I mean, sir, were your respective ladies ever—put to bed?"

" Put to bed! Bless your young face, Miss Katy, yes, every night, as sure as it came round."

" Grant me patience," exclaimed the antiquated damsel, " or I shall go mad. Had your wives any children?"

" Children! ay, now you have spoken. Yes, madam, we had children, and they came so fast that we did not know what to make of it. To-day my wife—to-morrow yours—the third day his—and the next year, perhaps, the terms were converted. But, at the twelfth—what do you call it? —I obtained a decided advantage, mine was a great bouncing boy, able to say his letters, and theirs were nothing but girls."

" 'Tis time to quit now, I think;" said Danvers to Munday.

Gentles ! what will the critics say of my book ?
I will tell you.

“ It lacks wit and satire,” says the Hididdle-diddle (Flitch of Bacon Lane prints two hundred and twenty-two.) “ There is not,” says he, “ that all-grasping profundity of intellectual giftedness which compulsatively filches a good opinion from us before the discursive, or ratiocinate faculty called reason accords its assent. The plainness of the style will operate as a deterrent to people who possess an intellectual gusto for the perceptions of elegant minds ; the incidents are too likely to have happened to please those who know that the highest efforts of divine genius belong to the purely inventive powers. *But he will do better in his next work, we dare say*, and then we shall be pleased to say in his favour that which, in our honest and conscientious belief of the imperative importance of operative rectitude in the management of a literary supervisorship, we cannot say of this book.”—Booh ! “ Time was when the brains were out,” &c.

“ It lacks learning,” says the Edentatus, (circulates all through the Minorities, St. Giles’s, Barbi-

can, Monmouth-street, Shoreditch, Houndsditch, and, from a natural propensity to dirt, through all the ditches in the kingdom : (Mrs. Humphries, at Stoke Pogis, takes two copies.) " It lacks learning. Here we find no apt allusions to the ancient demi-gods, heroes, and writers; the author does not appear to know that there were such names as Mephostophiles, and Titian, and Priscian, in the ancient mythology, and Scaliger, and Pontopidan, and Fabian, among the venerable classics of Greece and Rome. His geographical knowledge appears to be singularly and strangely defective in palpability. What must be thought of a writer speaking (Vol. III. page 30) of the ' horse latitudes' being from 28 to 25 degrees south, when the simplest child about town knows that horses have been found as far north as 69, and as far south as 71, and that horses of the gender known as sea-'orses, have been broke to the bit as far south as 102, 28—that is, if Psalmanazar may be credited? The author evidently is no scholar. ' Among' is very frequently amongst, *proh pudor!* and ' while,' under his ruffian hand, becomes, heaven and earth! whilst."

"It is not a remarkably fine performance," says the Colossean Animalcule, (motto 'what a noise we make?' *Fly on the Wheel*,) price three farthings, and damned dear too. "The incidents are *outré*, and the language *jejune*; and the hero—why, who cares about Wolfe, he has been dead seventy years? Give us passing incidents and living heroes—generals at the levee yesterday, and ladies shopping at Howell and James's no later than Saturday week."

Thank ye, gentlemen critics! one and all, and good bye, reader, till July. I will then burst upon you with one of the most astonishing works that ever came from the pen of man. Profound, clear and argumentative, sparkling, satirical, and tasteful, filled with wise saws and modern instances in abundance and in divers languages, instructing the young, delighting the old, and reforming the age. "Blow the trumpet, Jerry!"

THE END.

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